FROM PEARL HARBOR TO NORTH AFRICA

★ SPECIAL ISSUE

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WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED

A SYMPOSIUM

WILLIAM L. BATT, REP. EMANUEL CELLER, ANNA M. ROSENBERG, HENRY PRATT FAIRCHILD, ROBERT W. KENNY, MARY ANDERSON, ALBERT E. KAHN, ANGEL GIRAUDY

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"...TILL THE JOB IS DONE"

An editorial

IT IS one year since that "date which will live in infamy," Dec. 7, 1941, the date of the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor. One year—and American arms are dealing out mighty vengeance in the South Pacific, on the northern coast of Africa, and over Europe. One year—and the Soviet armies have struck at the Nazi invader with tremendous power, the British are chasing Rommel through the African desert, the Chinese are harrying large Japanese forces, and the outlines of that grand war of coalition which can crush both fascist Germany and Japan are emerging.

We have learned the hard way—but we have learned. We are still at "the end of the beginning," but the beginning of Hitler's and Tojo's end need not be too far off if we grasp the opportunities that are before us, if we unloose without delay the lethal two-front war in Europe, if abroad and at home we strike hard and together.

For America, which is destined to play so great a role in the forging of both victory and peace, the job ahead may be summed up as one of ending the disparity which now exists between our participation in the war and that of our allies. Some weeks ago the Office of War Information described this country as being only ankle-deep in the war. Perhaps by this time we are knee-deep, but the sooner we are all the way in, with every part of us working at maximum in the spirit of the Russians, the Chinese, the British, the Fighting French, and our other allies, the sooner will we together with all the United Nations be able to assure the total defeat of the Axis. The speed with which we shift onto an all-out basis may well determine victory or defeat—it would be very dangerous if the present Allied successes act as a lulling drug rather than as a spur. And speed will certainly help determine the cost in blood, in money, in toil, and sacrifice. As President Roosevelt said in his recent address to the New York *Herald Tribune* Forum: "This is no time for exultation. There is no time now for anything but fighting and working to win."

WE HAVE come a long way in the past year, have overcome great difficulties, yet in terms of what needs to be done, and done on time, our war effort is still muscle-bound. What are some of the obstacles that still block our path? In the sphere of strategy we have by the African offensive ended any doubts as to which power we consider the principal enemy and in what part of the world the main blow is to be struck. From the beginning it was President Roosevelt's conception that this global war must be won in Europe. Nevertheless, powerful influences, some definitely defeatist, some stemming from naval circles, sought to shift the major emphasis to the Pacific; and for a time they succeeded in causing a certain dispersion of forces that undoubtedly delayed the opening of the African offensive.

While these influences have suffered defeat as far as basic global strategy is concerned, they remain active in attempting to distort the strategy of the Pacific warfare. Our great naval victory in the Solomons can most fruitfully contribute to the ultimate defeat of Hitler's accomplice in the Far East, not as part of a plan whereby the United States, and more specifically the American Navy, singlehanded and at great cost, attempts to win back island after island, but as part of a plan in which the land armies of China, India, and Australia, together with the American Navy, move toward the encircling and smashing of the Japanese forces, the bulk of which are on the Asiatic mainland. China especially must be regarded as the pivot of the war in the Far East.

A second great obstacle to the development of our full military potential lies in the sphere of production. Since this question is discussed in detail elsewhere in this issue by Lyle Dowling, of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO), nothing more need be added here except to stress the urgency of action along the lines of the Tolan-Pepper-Kilgore bills and the proposals of organized labor.

Third, there is the question of national political teamwork and *esprit de corps,* which is the foundation of everything else. In the past year our people have demonstrated their patriotism, their capacity for prodigious achievement, their readiness to sacrifice. Yet there are factors that tend to frustrate the will to win and to impair national solidarity. This was reflected in the recent elections. These negative factors are twofold: economic and social conditions which create discontent among large sections of our population and prevent them from making their full contribution to the war; and the activities of fifth columnists and defeatists who exploit these difficulties for the enemy's advantage. The economic and social strains spring largely from the planlessness of our war economy which has had particularly bad effects on farmers and small businessmen. Similar difficulties also arise from the continued discrimination against Negroes in industry, the armed forces, and where not? This toughest war of all time cannot afford such peacetime luxuries as poll taxes and the exclusion of Negroes and the foreign-born from jobs.

Finally, the realization of total war for America requires the development of more intimate collaboration with the governments and peoples of the entire anti-Axis world. Here we wish merely to underline one aspect, the question of our relations with the conquered peoples and the peoples of the colonial and semi-colonial countries. The great contribution of Wendell Willkie is what has been called the "nowishness" of his statements, his appeal for the immediate implementation of those large principles and objectives which President Roosevelt, Vice-President Wallace, and Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles have enunciated. This can no more be put off for Puerto Rico than for India without injuring our common fight and leaving for the postwar period a heavy legacy that will render more confused and difficult the problems of peace.

WE STAND on the threshold of great decisions. The next year—the next months—will undoubtedly determine the outcome of the war. We have survived this first year of assault on our country, but sterner trials await us. In this year we have been finding our strength, learning to know ourselves, our next-door neighbors, our friends in other countries. And we have also learned to know the face of the enemy and to hate everything he stands for. Now in the next months we must use that strength, use it on the European continent in unison with the strength of all our allies to destroy fascism. Our dead and the tormented living shall be avenged. There can be no turning back, no rest, no peace till the job is done.

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FRONT LINES by COLONEL T.

OUR MILITARY BALANCE SHEET

Where we stand now after twelve months. Three active fronts against the Axis. The chance to "strike hard and soon" in Europe. Some famous and infamous dates.

WE CERTAINLY are no believers in "calendar mysticism" and the secret meaning of dates, but we cannot fail to note two fateful dates which seem to link the United States and the Soviet Union in this global war. They are Dec. 7, 1941, and Nov. 7, 1942.

The first date marks the entry of the United States into the war against fascism. It is also the date of the first Soviet winter counter-offensive of last year. The second is the date when the United States first entered the fray in a grand, though preliminary, manner, i.e. when its troop transports first approached the coasts of Africa for that great multiple landing operation under the command of General Eisenhower. It was also the date of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Soviet Union.

The first date contains one military "minus" and one "plus." The United States was the passive recipient of the Japanese blow at Pearl Harbor ("minus"), while the Soviet Union began the first large scale counter-offensive against the Wehrmacht ("plus"). The second date contains two military "pluses." The Red Army, as if in celebration of the USSR's twenty-fifth anniversary (although this was more or less coincidental) began the second large scale counter-offensive against the Wehrmacht (the first blow at Ordzhonikidze), while the United States went out to meet the main enemy on the African battlefront.

Thus, on the first anniversary of the entry of the United States into the war, there are two crucial active fronts against Germany, in the East and in Africa; and one against Japan, in the Solomons and in New Guinea.

Nov. 8, 1942, saw American troops landing on the beaches of Oran, Algiers, and Casablanca to meet the foe they had not met since the Battle of the Argonne twenty-four years ago. But November 8, strictly speaking, did not mark the beginning of the *offensive phase* of American warfare. This phase had started exactly three months earlier when on August 8 United States Marines landed at Tulagi and Guadalcanal to seize these important bases from the Japanese.

However, it is a moot question whether this was a purely offensive move, i.e., offensive both tactically and strategically. Tactically it certainly was. But from the standpoint of strategy, it may be argued that the seizure was made not so much as a preliminary move for an island-hopping offensive toward Manila and Tokyo, but as a protective measure to defend the life-line from the United States to Australia and to shield the wayside stations of this line.

Before August 8 when we went out with combined forces and actually seized the first bit of territory ever wrested from the Japanese by non-Chinese troops in this war (Henderson Field), we had fought other and highly successful defensive actions, to wit, the air-sea battles of the Coral Sea in early May, and of Midway in early June.

But the very root of our future offensive actions in the Pacific was planted back in March. General MacArthur was transferred by order of the President from Bataan to Australia to hold, organize, and coordinate this huge base for future offensive action. That base made possible the successful defensive-offensive actions of our arms with which the period of time since the fall of Corregidor (May 5) has been marked. Since the tragic day when General Wainwright went through the terrible ordeal of surrender at Corregidor, our struggle in the Pacific was marked by one failure, and a comparatively minor one at that. We refer to the unsuccessful naval action at Savo in the Solomons in the beginning of October, when we lost four heavy cruisers. This battle was followed by the replacement of Admiral Ghormley by Admiral Halsey.

At this writing, our troops under MacArthur are getting ready to liquidate the Japanese in New Guinea. Our navy, marines, and soldiers firmly hold Guadalcanal after the victorious second front of the battle on November 13-15 when the Japanese suffered their worst naval defeat in history. Our navy seems to control the Pacific at least up to the International Date Line (approximately), down to the Equator, and from there to Guadalcanal and New Guinea. (Kiska, where the Japanese are still sitting, tight and quiet, is just east of the Date Line. Wake is west of it and Midway, just east.) In other words we should be about ready to thrust northeastward in the direction of Buin, Buka, and Rabaul, with blows against the Marshalls, Wake, and Kiska to follow.

WE SEEM to have altered the balance of naval power in the Pacific in our favor through the sinkings of enemy ships in the Coral Sea, at Midway, and especially in the second battle of the Solomons. The Japanese probably still have superiority in big battleships, because we are fighting a two-ocean war with a one-ocean navy, but they will hardly risk them so far away from home bases. As to aircraft-carriers, the enemy seems to have precious few of them left. Neither is Tokyo's position in the air very enviable, both quantitatively and qualitatively.

Thus poised to repel and, maybe, strike in the Pacific, we undertook the African operation which started on November 8. The landing operation itself was a masterpiece of timing, coordination, and general application of the science of logistics. Nothing on such a scale had been attempted before in the line of amphibious or combined operations. At the moment, three weeks after the first landing barges shush-shushed on the sands of Africa, the spearhead of the Allied force—General Anderson's First British Army, which includes a number of US armored and mechanized forces and parachute troops—has moved some 300 miles eastward from their landings in Algeria. These forces have wedged themselves in between Bizerte and Tunis, aiming to destroy both Axis groups there separately. At the same time another Allied force is operating somewhere in southern Tunisia with the Mareth Line, protecting Tunisia from Tripoli, as their objective. These troops aim to prevent the bulk of Rommel's Afrika Korps from rushing in from Tripolitania to Tunis to join hands with the Axis troops which have been ferried over during these last three weeks from Italy and Sicily.

Our troops, together with the Fighting French and the

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British, are getting ready to seize and then wield the dagger which is Tunisia, a dagger pointed at the "softest spot of the soft underbelly" of Europe—which is Italy.

The decision and execution of the preliminaries in this plan have brought to light the fact that there were ships available and that these ships actually carried several hundred thousand men a couple of thousand miles when we were insisting that they could carry them a little over a score of miles across the English Channel. However, the main thing now is to attack in Europe and to strike hard and soon. Just as our opportunities to attack in southern Europe have been multiplied by our positions in Africa, so have our opportunities increased many times to start an offensive from the west.

So far the Red Army still has to carry ninety percent of the weight of this war. While Nazi and fascist soldiers are dying by the score in Africa, their mates on the Eastern Front are dying by the thousands.

AT THIS writing two large scale Soviet offensives are rolling forward on two widely separated fronts. This might be called the Soviet Battle of the Bulges, because both offensives are directed against the two German bulges, one centering around Smolensk and the other generally around Rostov. The centers of the two bulges are about 600 miles apart.

On November 19 Marshal Timoshenko's armies struck on both sides of the Stalingrad defenses to form a great pincers designed to cut off the 300,000 or more Axis shock troops concentrated before Stalingrad. The northern arm of the pincers crossed the Don at Saerfimovich and whipped back to the southeast to crush the German troops back against the Don, driving them into the mincing-machine of Stalingrad. The southern arm struck west from the Kalmyk steppe to cut the railroad Stalingrad-Tikhoretsk. Another thrust slid down the eastern bank of the Don from the famous "bolt" position between the Volga and the Don and severed the central Don railway at Kalach. Thus two great "sacks" were formed, separated by the Don. Simultaneously the Stalingrad garrison surged forward, relieved of the siege by a column striking from the north, down the Volga, and just about to be relieved by another column striking north along the Volga.

The great battle of encirclement and annihilation is now raging like a mighty vortex. Big movements have stopped because now the job is to destroy the Axis armies in the two sacks and fight off reenforcements trying to break through to their relief.

On November 25 Soviet armies struck on the Kalinin front. So far few details are available, with the exception of the fact that the Red Army has broken into the strategic hub of the northern wing of the German front—the triangle of railways Velikye Luki-Novosokolnikov-Nevel. Both lines running from Velikye Luki to Nevel and Novosokolnikov have been cut. At the same time the railroad running from Rzhev to Vyazma has been cut, probably around Sychevka; while the latter is a place which already had been taken by the Red Army last March 8, and later obviously given up, the penetration in the Nevel direction is on new ground. The capture of Novosokolniki, for instance, would sever the main railroad line feeding the Germans on the Leningrad front. The capture of Sychevka (or some other station nearby) has severed the last rail connection to Rzhev.

In both offensives, up to this writing, the Germans have lost no less than 80,000 men killed and some 70,000 prisoners. This means a total of almost 400,000 casualties. The amount of booty is enormous. In tanks alone the Red Army *captured* the equivalent of four panzer divisions. This twin counter-offensive is not only a tribute to the fighting ability, stamina, and morale of the Red Army, but also to the brilliant supreme leadership of the Soviets. This leadership refused to be panicked by the avalanche of Nazi power hurtling toward the Caucasus and withheld its reserves until the proper time to strike hard had arrived.

Thus the first year of the war for the United States draws to a close with American troops fighting preliminary engagements with the German enemy against a background of tremendous offensive battles being waged by the mightiest ally of this country.

Underground

BREAKING through the Goebbels blockade, reports from Germany indicate that underground activities increased considerably during the spring and summer of 1942. It is true that extensive mobilization of skilled workers into the army has severed many underground ties. Nevertheless, there is news of definite progress.

One recent report comes from Berlin. There metal workers in the big Siemens-Schuckert plant, operating exclusively for the army, have been making such acid comment about Nazi "victories" in Russia that all wall maps were removed by the management. Leaflets describing Nazi losses on the Eastern Front have been found in the factory canteen. There have also been silent demonstrations on the part of women workers, who bring empty bags into the plant to show that nothing can be bought with their miserable wages. The Gestapo has added to the large number of sentries who police the grounds.

A STERN warning about war prisoners has been again issued. "Anyone helping war prisoners to escape or to sabotage war plants will be executed." This warning is decidedly significant. It indicates that Germans have been helping war prisoners flee the country and obstruct production inside armaments factories. A report from Thueringen, in central Germany, tells of fourteen Russians who fled from a camp near Jena. The fourteen hid in the Harz Mountains. The Gestapo staged a huge man-hunt. The prisoners were warned and succeeded in getting arms by ambushing a small patrol of Elite Guards. Some of the prisoners were captured but only after they had killed twenty Elite Guards. The Gestapo arrested more than 100 Germans who were suspected of having "helped the enemy." One woman was executed.

ANOTHER report from the Rhineland reveals the breakdown of morale after the heavy Allied bombardments of Cologne, Dusseldorf, Elberfeld, Solingen, and Essen. Nazi Elite Guards were hastily transferred to Cologne and Essen to cope with demonstrations. During the air raid alarms leaflets were distributed by the underground, rail lines and factory equipment wrecked. The Gestapo shot several score persons for robbery during one British raid over Frankfurt and Mannheim. Among the executed were many members of the Elite Guard.

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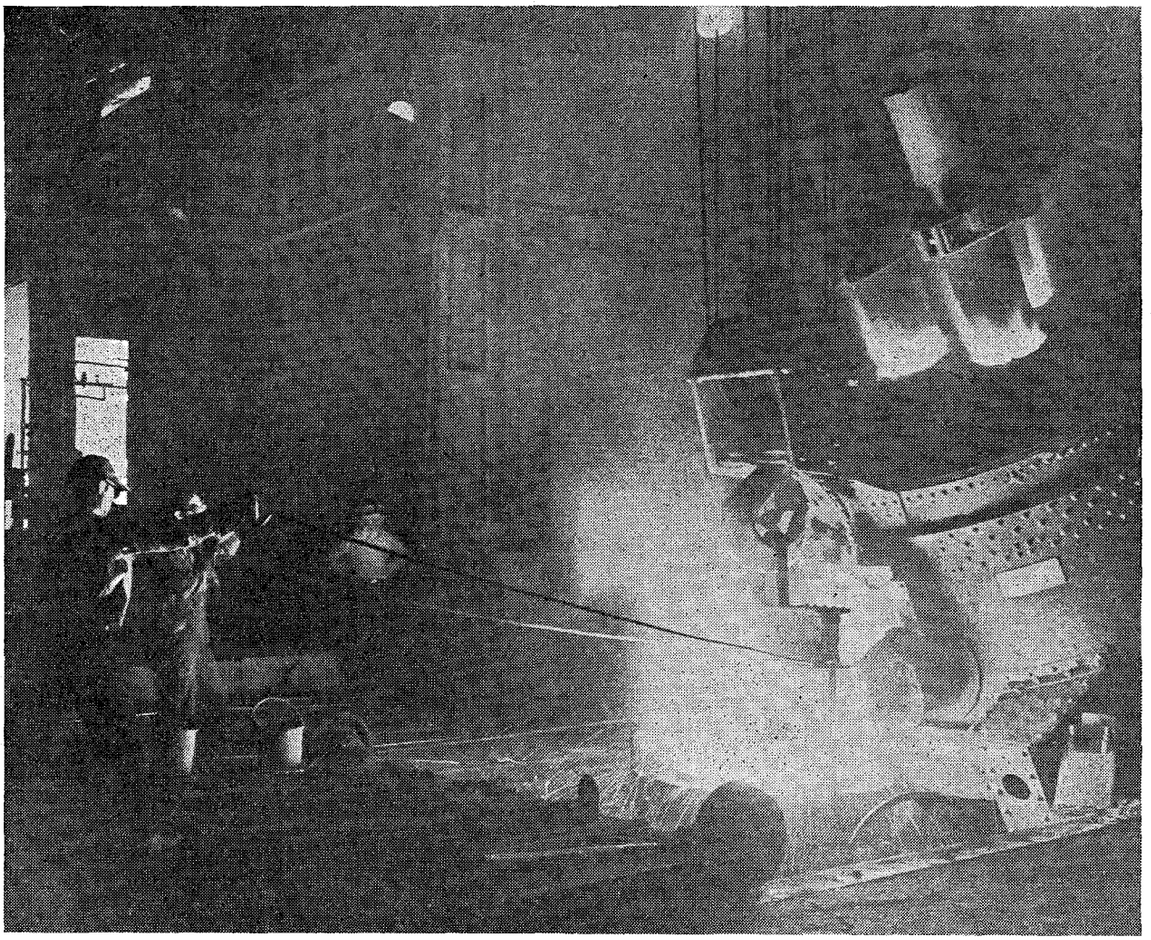

From production line to frontlines. Forging the steel for war.

WE GOT IT UP

Production has increased at least 350 percent in the last year. Lyle Dowling tells why—and examines the obstacles which stand in the way of an all-out record. Some problems and proposals.

THE main thing about war production in the United States during the twelve months since Pearl Harbor is this: we got it up.

What our country achieved in production does not add up, to be sure, to as much as we need, or to as much as could be accomplished under a more rational system of national-scale management of all production. But we did get it up, and neither the discrepancy between what we did and what we could do, nor the sense of urgency everyone feels should obscure this achievement.

For strategic reasons data on production that can be printed are scarce; but there are enough official statements to indicate the substantial nature of the production progress we are making.

Donald M. Nelson, chairman of the War Production Board, said in his radio broadcast on September 13 that war production has increased 350 percent since Pearl Harbor, and this increase must be considered together with an approximately 100 percent increase in production during the period between the Nazi attack on the Soviet Union and Pearl Harbor itself. On September 29 Mr. Nelson felt justified in saying publicly that war production "has already caught up with and passed that of Axis Europe." President Roosevelt, who on September 14 in his sixth lend-lease report had said that "so far the United States has little more than passed the half-way mark toward maximum possible war production," was able to tell a press conference on November 24 that on the whole the present system of production management is working very well.

Whether the President's satisfaction will stand as his final judgment remains to be seen. It is certain that no responsible group would say that we have attained maximum possible production, and a great many groups —including the Congress of Industrial Organizations and the American Federation of Labor—have laid our production shortcomings to the present setup that deals with production problems. Let us take a look at some of the things that have happened in the sphere of war production.

THREE weeks before Pearl Harbor, on Nov. 17, 1941, the Senate Truman committee investigating the progress of the war effort charged that the Office of Production Management (the OPM, headed jointly by William S. Knudsen and Sidney Hillman) and the procurement divisions of the Army and Navy had caused "confusion and delay" by their lack of foresight and failure to plan. Meeting in Detroit that same week, the Congress of Industrial Organizations, through its president, Philip Murray, supported these same criticisms of OPM; Murray appealed to President Roosevelt to give labor "a more wholesome chance to join with you in the conduct of your great defense enterprises."

The big national job at that time was to induce the large mass production manufacturers to convert their industries to the production of war materiel. It was by no means

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a question of the automobile industry alone, for every main industry was involved, though the auto industry, because of its vast productive capacity and its financial relationships, became the principal battleground of the struggle between the business-as-usual elements and the advocates of all-out production. This whole struggle was dramatically tied up with the disappearance of the OPM and the birth of the WPB. The involvement of the United States in the war through the Japanese attack on Pearl Harbor underlined the necessity for swift, vigorous action; in response to sharp criticisms of the OPM by the CIO, the Truman committee, and other groups, President Roosevelt announced on January 13 that he was going to set up the War Production Board. Donald M. Nelson was chosen to head the Board, Knudsen went as a lieutenant general to the War Department (taking more than a little control over production with him), Hillman retired—and the WPB phase of production organization was launched.

IT IS to be doubted that the scoreboard would today show the production progress it does show had organized labor confined its contribution to vigorous and entirely justified criticisms of government policy. The unions found they could come to grips immediately, without waiting for somebody else to act, with the production job in their own unionized plants.

Within three weeks of Pearl Harbor the first labor-management war production councils were actually in operation in some of the war plants of this country. These were committees comprised of equal numbers of management and union representatives, who made it their first and sole job to boost production in the plant. The councils did not assume collective bargaining functions; that was left with the union and the management as separate entities, as before. The unions laid no claim to "rights" over management functions, nor did the managements seek to invade the functions of the labor organizations. By the time WPB Chairman Nelson on February 28 announced adoption of "a plan for joint labor-management war plant committees, which will consider suggestions from all quarters for increasing production," there were not fewer than 100 such production councils in operation, and probably more.

Where they operated on a bona fide basis, these councils made tremendous contributions toward the total of war production. The achievement was due, in the main, not to spectacular individual technological improvements in manufacturing (although the councils provided the means of uncovering many a valuable improvement), but to the fact that the workers worked much harder. This, in turn, was due to the efforts of the councils in giving the workers a means of expressing their knowledge of what the production was *for*. In many a plant, individual workers had been doing one or more operations on a part of the finished product without even knowing what the final product was, much less what it meant in terms of killing enemies of the United States. The councils corrected this lack, and discovered—if discovery it was—that *morale* in production is not a matter of everybody "feeling good," everybody being entertained by jazz bands at lunch hour, but is *knowing what you are doing and caring that it get done.*

Two questions arose very soon within these councils: first, what is to be done about such hindrances on production as failure in the supplies of raw materials or lack of government contracts; second, what is to be done to extend the labor-management production council technique to all, or at least to a majority, of the principal war plants in the country? The first is a question of top importance, for in order to assure materials and contracts to a plant, all the main national policy questions concerning production require solutions. The second is dramatized by the fact that, according to the WPB's last report, only 1,700 of the at least 10,000 war plants in the nation even claimed to have labor-management councils—and, in a number of instances, these are purely "paper" councils not in actual operation.

The solutions of each of these problems are related, for the proper organization of national production on an over-all basis involves an extension of the labor-management council principle, not only horizontally—to include all the war plants—but vertically, to include the leading government agencies entrusted with production policy and its execution.

THERE is no opportunity here to sketch, even with utmost brevity, the wealth of incident in the history of national production policy since the War Production Board was launched. Were the issues involved not so tremendous, affecting the very winning of the war itself, the narrative would read in some respects like a Kaufman-Connelly farce. Witness, for example, Mr. Nelson's reaction to the common public belief that WPB badly needs the firing of some of its most active obstructionists. After many weeks of such suggestions (Sen. Harry S. Truman on August 6: "I think that if Mr. Nelson would take the bull by the horns and cut off a few heads, everything would be all right"), Mr. Nelson, fresh from a brief vacation, called newspapermen into his office and, pounding his desk, declared: "I am going to get tough enough to get this job done!"

But the man whom Mr. Nelson then fired was Frederick I. Libbey, engineering consultant to the WPB, who in a report had criticized the WPB iron and steel branch for its waste and inefficiency. This firing led three CIO men on the WPB's labor advisory committee (John Green of the shipbuilders, Walter Reuther of auto, and Clinton Golden of the steelworkers) to charge in a public statement August 20 that Libbey was dismissed for "telling the truth" about "vested interests" blocking "every effort to expand steel production." That was the beginning, and to date the end, of Mr. Nelson's "tough" period.

The report of Philip Murray to the annual CIO Convention, submitted on November 9, provides a concise, pointed estimate of the WPB performance: "The NDAC [National Defense Advisory Commission], OPM, SPAB [the Supply Priorities & Allocations Board, which was the result of one of the reorganizations of the production setup] have each in turn failed to turn out production on schedule. Each had attempted; each met the same fate. Every new phase of the war placed new, vigorous demands upon the production officials. It is regrettable at this late date to report that even the WPB, the latest of these war production agencies, has fallen behind in its job to 'produce for victory.'"

The national experience with the OPM, outgrowth of the NDAC and itself characterized by two main phases—the "pre-SPAB" and the "SPAB" phases—ought to be ample to prove that *something more than* a new name, a new set of initials, is needed. Will some new production authority, even though its abbreviation be "PA" instead of "WPB," even though its chief be an as yet unknown Mr. X instead of Mr. Nelson, bring about systematic, planned, nationally organized production? It is hard to agree with any such speculation.

A FEW pertinent points have to be made as to our national production problem so that avoidable misconceptions can be eliminated. One concerns the location of real authority over production. By real authority is meant the power to enforce a policy, regardless of the nature of the policy itself. When Mr. Knudsen went into the War Department, he took with him virtually all of the authority over contracts which, up to that time, had remained in civilian hands. Competitive bidding on contracts was terminated officially on March 3, 1942. The importance of absolute control over the terms of and the letting of such contracts is decisive—and such control is today vested exclusively in the procurement divisions of the War and Navy Departments and the US Maritime Commission. It is idle to talk about this or that policy of the WPB until the WPB or some subsequent agency is in a position to carry out its policies.

A second point concerns the role of employers, of industry, and management in the whole production effort. An extremely capable and well informed labor leader, whose name I cannot mention, put it this way: "On the day when the industrialists withdraw their representatives from Washington, on that day this country is in very serious production trouble!" It was a good way to emphasize the point that the employers have got to help do this production job, and all "anti-dollar-per-year-men" schemes, no matter how well meant emotionally, which paint the picture of this country doing the production job *against the united will of the employers,* are dangerously unrealistic and have the additional fault of assuming that *only employes* have an interest in

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winning this war, which is contrary to the fact.

A third point is the role of the economic status of the human factor in production. Achievement of maximum output requires a certain minimum standard of living for the worker, and that standard of living is composed of real, tangible goods and services. These necessary goods and services have to be *available* to the workers, and they cannot be made available in any reliable way until there is complete, strict rationing of *all* essential goods and services. Once made available, they have to be controlled as to price—and the chaotic situation in present price control policy needs drastic reorganization to achieve any such results. With the goods available and controlled as to price, the worker has to have enough *net spendable income* to buy the stuff—and net spendable income is wages minus deductions for taxes or any related compulsory deductions.

A fourth point concerns the alleged "confusion" in government production agencies. What has to be stressed here is that much of what goes on is "confusion" only in relation to the basic aim of the country to win the war; in relation to narrower private interests, it is anything but "confused"—on the contrary, the whole trouble flows from the comparative success with which these narrower private interests are being forwarded at the expense of the nation as a whole.

A fifth point relates to making more precise the nature of the "business-as-usual" attitudes about which there is so much justified complaint. The clue here, I think, is again to be found in Philip Murray's annual report, cited earlier. "A hundred companies still hold over eighty percent of all the war contracts," he writes. *"Ten of these companies hold almost half of the outstanding war contracts."*

Take this startling fact in conjunction with the *starvation* of smaller independent firms, the almost 100 percent inactivity of the Smaller War Plants Corp. set up by congressional act to handle this very problem, the insistence of the War Department in the WPB's new "Controlled Materials Plan" on making raw materials to sub-contractors flow exclusively through the prime contractors, the overemphasis on large producers as to prices and allocations at the expense of the smaller producers —take these and a hundred other instances, and you can hardly avoid the conclusion that the *particular kind* of narrow "business-as-usual" interest which has been forwarded is that of the *monopolies,* and those of the largest, most highly centralized industries.

THE most important proposals to correct the anarchy of war production have come from organized labor, not only as over-all plans, but in the form of countless day-to-day suggestions, proposals, recommendations, to scores of agencies and individuals in Washington. The Senate (Truman) committee acknowledges this effort by the unions in its Jan. 5, 1942, report, pointing out that representatives in Washington of the unions "have consistently taken advanced positions in advocacy of the radical curtailment of civilian industry; and the labor groups have been constantly in the foreground in fighting for an adequate conversion program. . . . Labor has demonstrated its right to a greater degree of participation in the operating work of the War Production Board and to a more respectful hearing for its plans and suggestions."

The sixty-second annual convention of the American Federation of Labor, held in Toronto on October 13, called for a single authority to mobilize the nation, which single authority would include labor representation and would "decide as between military and civilian uses, upon procurement policies which affect the fundamental structure of our economy, and similar over-all policies which concern the prosecution of the war."

The AFL resolution preceded the more detailed and precise CIO resolution, adopted at the Boston convention. This declared in part that "national mobilization demands a nation-wide planning and utilization of all the material and manpower resources of the nation"; that to accomplish this "a single administrative body should be established incorporating the activities of war supply, war manpower, and of economic stabilization"; and that such "total mobilization cannot operate or be organized except through the direct and fullest participation of labor—not through any advisory committee, but with labor given the highest responsibility in the formulation and execution of all the policies and activities."

The Truman committee and the House Tolan committee have also done valuable work in revealing the shortcomings of war production and centering attention on the need to develop a centralized planned approach to the whole problem. The CIO resolution supported the recommendations in the Tolan committee's sixth interim report and in the Tolan-Pepper bills for a single administrative body to direct war supply, war manpower, and economic stabilization. It pointed out that these recommendations can be put into effect through executive action.

In bringing about this fundamental reorganization of our production machinery the American people have two powerful assets. One is the unions, who are in a better position than any other national group to give *organized* expression to the insistence of the people on a vigorously fought war. The other asset is history itself; not some far-off history, but history *now.* The men and women of America are feeling good about the North African offensive; they are feeling good because they see it, in the words of the CIO convention resolution, as leading to "a speedy two-front attack and complete destruction of the main Nazi forces on the European continent by the combined and overwhelming concentration of the armed might of the United States, Great Britain, and the Soviet Union."

But nobody thinks we are out of the woods yet. The offensive is only beginning. And the speed with which it develops and its success or failure depends crucially on the quantity and quality of the planes, tanks, guns, and ships from American factories. It would be foolish and exceedingly risky to assume that everything is as it should be in regard to war production and that we can just let nature take its course. On the contrary, even though we have already achieved much, so much more needs to be done, and done *on time,* that we have got to eliminate every obstacle to the planned total organization of our war economy. The lessons of the past year are unmistakable. If there is even one chance in a thousand that failure to learn and apply these lessons will lose or substantially prolong the war, we cannot afford to take that chance.

LYLE DOWLING.

Emil Komuves (center) won an honorable mention from the War Production Board for his suggestion to improve the "go-no-go" gauges used in measuring the tolerance of precision parts made for the armed services. A member of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO), Komuves is a worker at the International Projector Corp. The photograph shows him being congratulated by his plant manager and his union local president.

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WHAT WE HAVE LEARNED

STATEMENTS FROM PROMINENT AMERICANS ON ACHIEVEMENTS SINCE PEARL HARBOR AND THE BIG JOBS AHEAD.

Building Unity

Emanuel Celler

US Congressman, New York

THE full impact of Vice-President Wallace's statement, "We have now reached the time when victory can be taken from us only by misunderstanding and quarreling among ourselves," can hardly be felt enough. It is an exciting message and an exciting challenge.

A glance backwards to dissension-torn America prior to Pearl Harbor presents a scene which must have gladdened the gloating Axis heart. The blind folly of the isolationist parade served as an admirable smoke screen against the danger that was to strike so surely and so treacherously. The national tug of war left a people in dismayed questioning of whither to go.

Under the electrifying shock of common disaster, a people stood together, unified and determined. In one brief year, what hath unity wrought? An army amassed, trained, and equipped for the most terrible of all wars, the mighty hum of factory wheels turning to pour forth in endless succession tanks, planes, ships, and guns destined to reach the far-flung corners of the earth to the battling forces of Russia, China, and England. The people submitting to the wartime necessity of tire, gas, sugar, coffee, and meat rationing.

All this President Roosevelt viewed on his tour across the country and found it good.

Women turned aside from the secure routine of the home to partake in the gigantic struggle on the home front to keep 'em flying, shooting, and sailing. American industrial ingenuity conceived and executed new instruments of warfare and strengthened the old. Deservedly, Winston Churchill gave high praise in his address to the House of Parliament for the part played by the Sherman tanks in the victory in Egypt. This, unity of purpose achieved.

I have but touched on the highlights of accomplishment. Much more can be said of the daily sacrifices of the people, the stoic forbearance, the fight against inflation, the bending of an economy to serve an understood and approved end.

This unity of each Allied nation within itself has made possible the unity among all our fighting allies. If there is one lesson we have learned today, it is that the world is smaller than man's imagination. The United States, England, Russia, and China have linked themselves together in a common destiny. We have not undergone this baptism of fire for the survival of self alone. The Allies, apart and together, can serve a unity of purpose for the common good of mankind.

As the practical weapons of wartime, the airplane, the ship, and the perfected modes of communication, made possible and effective this alliance of mutual aid, so can they be the hands across the seas to meet in international amity and exchange.

Science and skill know no geographical limits, and international trade can foster the development of the "four Freedoms." We have agreed that this is the war of the people. So let the peace be the peace of the people, all people.

Robert W. Kenny

Attorney General-elect, California

IT SEEMS to me that one of the lessons of our first year at war involves scale—the size of the war, the size and extent of the effort required to win it. Because of the magnitude of the struggle, it is a job for everyone, and therefore decisions which might in a smaller war be left to the military become political questions, that is to say, questions for the people.

This necessity in turn brings about considerations of unity among our people as no other struggle has done; unity in thought—in the purposes for which we are fighting—as well as unity in action—a genuine will on the part of all of us to do all we can. In bringing about that singleness of purpose and effort, our attention is forcibly turned to many inequalities which we have foolishly ignored or unjustly tolerated in peacetime. We must now ask so much from every man and woman that we must also ask ourselves whether we have, as a nation, made it worth the necessary sacrifices from each citizen and whether the promise of the future which our country offers makes worth while the sacrifices the war demands. We must, as part of winning the war, give every citizen equal opportunity to participate in the war and give wholehearted assurances that the peace we want is worth fighting for.

Another thing we must have learned is that the various powers fighting the Axis were brought into the war for a variety of reasons, and that each power may well entertain a variety of purposes in continuing to fight as well as conflicting notions concerning the peace. Joint action among the United Nations is of first importance to a military victory, but equally essential is a common understanding of what we hope to win by that victory. This is merely an extension of unity on the home front to the international sphere.

As the war progresses, Axis splitting devices may widen cleavages, unless open commitments by the United Nations are made promptly. Furthermore, by insisting on early public commitments, the people can learn the true sentiments of leaders before damage is done.

The most important lesson, I believe, is one of unity of purpose, local, national, international, transcending racial and economic lines. With this unity, we can achieve the harmony of effort necessary to win. Without it, a military victory may prove empty.

Henry Pratt Fairchild

Professor of Sociology, New York University

ONE lesson that stands out clearly from the experience of the war so far is that social unity is essential to group success. So far, we interpret this lesson primarily in terms of states or nationalities. As the new era of peace approaches, it becomes vitally important that we train ourselves to interpret it in terms of world relations. Several distinct types of political, social, and economic organization are represented in the present global struggle. The military alignments are determined, for the moment, more by the needs of national protection and survival than by agreement on doctrines and theories. The close of the war will not automatically bring a uniformity with reference to these philosophical concepts. If we are to have a true and lasting peace, the nations of the world must find a way to get along with each other amicably, even though they do not come to a full agreement or even understanding with reference to each other's systems of organization. This is particularly true with reference to the United States and the Soviet Union. The ideological and structural differences between these two countries are too great to permit the attainment of complete popular understanding on both sides during a war period, relatively brief as we hope it will be. Any hope of avoiding postwar world chaos rests upon the ability of the people of these two mighty powers to trust and cooperate with each other, even though they do not fully understand each other.

Angel Alberto Giraudy

President, National Anti-Fascist Front of Cuba

AT THE end of last year the United States was treacherously attacked by Japan. That attack was the result of a perfectly coordinated agreement among the totalitarian

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countries which make up the Berlin-Rome Tokyo triangle, and to those who knew the plans of worldwide fascism for complete conquest and partition of the whole world, it came as no surprise.

Immediately, as could be expected, the majority of the governments of our continent reacted to that act of international vandalism, some declaring war against the aggressor empires and others breaking diplomatic and commercial relations with them. The Republic of Cuba was one of the first to declare war against Japan, Italy, and Germany.

In June of 1938, in the magazine *Bohemia* f this capital, we declared: "Fascism is preparing a new massacre which will, this time, spread to all continents. Already it has begun its macabre work in Abyssinia, in Spain, in the Far East." And we added: "In this hour it is the duty of our people, and particularly of our leaders—I speak of all the Americas, regardless of what language they speak—to form a common front against the advance of fascism in our continent."

In our immediate past had we not committed a series of errors, it would perhaps have been possible to prevent the outbreak of the present conflict. One of these errors was in not understanding in time that the democratic nations, including, it is clear, the Soviet Union, had to unite in order to destroy fascism. Today we are suffering the consequences of our blindness or our selfishness. The present moment, nevertheless, is not the time for tears, but for correcting the errors in order not to repeat them; for tying firmly, more firmly each day, the bonds of union among all our peoples, in Europe as well as in Asia, in Africa as well as in America; for destroying fascism down to its deepest roots, and for building in the future a world more in accord with the needs of the people.

The people of Cuba appear to have understood that the realities of the moment in which we live indicate that humanity is divided into two great camps: that which openly or secretly supports fascism and its satellites, and that which fights against that pest. The Cuban people have understood that in this fight nobody, neither people nor individuals, can remain on the margin of the conflict.

In the midst of the battle in all parts of the planet three solutions are being discussed: the solution of those who hope to implant Nazism in the world; the solution of those who want to maintain unchanged the status quo; and the solution of those who want to see humanity ruled by principles altogether different from those prevailing today. The first solution is the same as returning to barbarism. Nazism has no terms of comparison; it is only comparable to Nazism. The second solution means prolonging indefinitely the tragedy in which people have lived for a long time. The third is the only one which can save human beings. Up to now wars have served only to make one caste the owner and superior of men and of nations. The present upheaval must make it possible for the people themselves to determine their destiny.

We must all unite to win the war; later we must unite to win the peace. The future of nations rests in the present conflict which is not directed solely to preserve the political independence of nations, but to enlarge their civil rights. The concept of liberty itself must be developed and transformed; it must not be allowed to continue as a merely negative concept in the sense of being simply the lack of obstacles to our action. Rather must it be a positive idea, the effective opportunity for human beings to have a better life.

Winning the peace means, in addition, tearing up by the roots the causes of wars between nations. The errors of the past teach us that all men must aspire to that condition in the world of tomorrow, which we are building with so much pain and blood, in which nations do not dominate other nations or human beings serve as slaves to others.

Production Chart

William L. Batt

Vice-Chairman, War Production Board

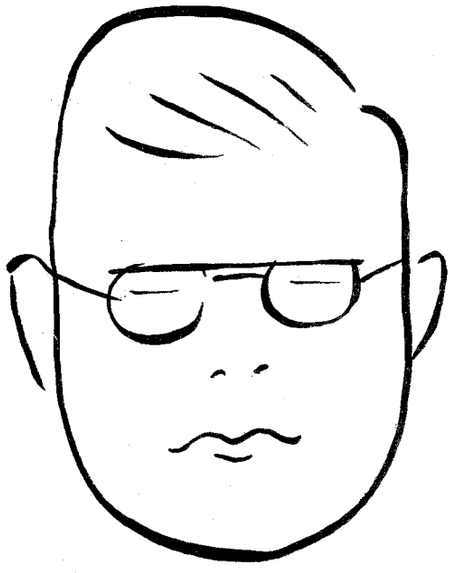
THE main lesson we learned during our first year in the war is that even a country as rich as the United States can't afford a peacetime economy in an all-out war.

For a time we thought we could produce all the planes, tanks, and ships needed for Army and Navy and at the same time continue the production of at least a minimum of so-called luxury goods for civilians. Now we know better. Now we know that we can't even produce some of the essential civilian goods in the same way as we produced them in the past.

That realization has brought us up against the three S's of a war economy—Simplification, Substitution, and Scheduling.

Simplification means cutting out all waste, and producing the greatest number of essential articles out of the least amount of material, because the least is all there is. It means reducing the number of types, models, and sizes of manufactured articles. For example, we used to make sixty-six different sizes of paving bricks; now we make four. It means no more gingerbread, jimcracks, or gewgaws. Everything is stripped to its essentials. Simplification saves raw materials, production capacity, manpower, and transportation.

Substitution means using a less critical material than the one formerly used. Specifications are reviewed, and wherever possible the critical material must make way for a material not yet scarce. Wood and paper, for example, are being made to do the job of steel, copper, aluminum, and even nickel in a long list of articles. Scheduling means getting the right thing at the right place at the right time. For example, with metals as scarce as they are, it doesn't make sense to tie up a lot of steel in ships' anchors before the ships themselves are built, or to load a plant down with airplane propellers before the planes are built.



Robert W. Kenny

Henry Pratt Fairchild

Rep. Emanuel Celler

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Anna Rosenberg

Mary Anderson

William L. Batt

In a properly scheduled program, the different parts will be manufactured and made available for assembly in the order in which they **are needed.**

From now until the war is won we are going to have to get along without a lot of things that we formerly regarded as essential. Until recently we spoke of military production and civilian production. That dividing line will soon disappear. We are going to devote all of our strength and energy to winning the war.

Women on the Job

Mary Anderson

Head of Women's Bureau, US Dept. of Labor

WHAT are the chief lessons in regard to working women's participation in the war to be learned from the experiences of the past year? The answer to this question is written in the soaring wings of American planes, in the bursting fire of ammunition, in the great accuracy of fire control and navigation instruments, in the guns and cannon and tanks that go with our traveling troops, in the ships that transport them, and in the metal working and machine tool industries which together form the Colossus between our natural resources and our weapons of war.

The answer is symbolized in such homely ways as the canned food our soldiers and Allies are nourished by, in the very fabric of our soldiers' uniforms, and even in the fit of their shoes.

The answer, in brief, lies in the ability of women to do a job. No one has questioned the willingness of America's women, but a year ago there existed considerable skepticism in some quarters regarding the ability of women. Their outstanding performance in war production has dispelled much of this skepticism. Employers have learned that women can do practically any job, and that in some jobs requiring great patience and deft fingers they are better than men.

The aircraft industry furnishes us a case in point. Few women were in this industry when Japanese planes bombed Pearl Harbor. Perhaps there were not more than 2,000 women in the major aircraft assembly plants. As the months sped by the picture changed rapidly. New plants opened up and others expanded their forces or were in need of personnel replacements. By September there were 86,000 women in aircraft production working in every department. Women proved themselves as riveters, welders, assemblers, inspectors, machine operators, and so on. Work on light metal for aircraft and with the myriad small parts that make up our big bombers and other planes seemed a "natural" for women. Plants that had been reluctant to accept the Women's Bureau conservative estimates in 1941 on possible utilization of women in aircraft production took the initiative in 1942 by asking our agents to make return visits to further analyze employment standards and jobs for women.

Time and again we found that removal of psychological barriers in the minds of employers and foremen plus training opportunities for women to bring out their native ability would result in a smooth integration of women into war industry. In 1943 there should be more and more stress on the training and upgrading of women who must substitute for men workers in ever increasing numbers.

Such a program is recommended for each war industry which we have studied at first hand in the plants, that is, the machine tool, fire arms and cannon, ammunition, war instruments, and aircraft industries. In the shipbuilding industry it has been said that women can perform a substantial proportion of the jobs, and some shipyards are keenly interested in women as a source of labor supply.

The work of women has unquestionably given them the right to claim wage rates equal to that of men. The government, speaking through the National War Labor Board, has clearly enunciated the policy of "equal pay" in three cases in 1942. For example, the directive order in the case between the General Motors Corp. and the United Automobile, Aircraft, and Agricultural Implement Workers of America and the United Electrical, Radio, and Machine Workers of America, states that "wage rates for women shall be set in accordance with the principle of equal pay for comparable quantity and quality of work on comparable operation." This case had the widest coverage of any similar case before the Board, as it affected workers in ninety-five plants and eight electrical divisions of General Motors.

In connection with the government's policy in favor of "equal pay" it is interesting to note the recent assertion of the president of the National Association of Manufacturers that there is little difference between men and women as regards their satisfactory performance in industry.

Labor unions in a number of agreements have wisely obtained "equal pay" clauses, realizing that women must not be used to undermine existing wage structures when they step in to take over the jobs of men risking their lives for freedom and the right to earn security.

Experience in the past year, when magnificent effort has been made to meet emergency production schedules, has caused the Women's Bureau to review the standards set up in peacetime for the working conditions of women. With the view to securing maximum efficiency of women workers without a short-sighted sacrifice of essential health standards, we recommended that the work week not exceed forty-eight hours, that one day of rest in seven be granted to each worker, and that women be put on the night shift only when it serves to prevent overtime on the day shift. We also recommended that mothers of young children not be coaxed to enter industry except in areas where it may be necessary, and then only under such circumstances that community kitchens as well as nurseries be provided.

The Women's Bureau has given some

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time to the study of living conditions of women war workers in industrialized rural and urban areas. Our reports, based on the experiences of the women, show that more attention must be given in some areas to housing, recreation, and transportation for women, many of them young girls away from home for the first time. We have worked with other federal agencies, the USO, and local authorities to help adjust such social problems of women workers in wartime.

The chief lesson that has been learned in 1942 in regard to working women is that they are not problem workers. They are patriotic, interested, and capable. They want to be linked in the spirit of the times to the men and women in the frontlines. They want, also, to join in the spirit of the times with women all over the world who are working for and giving their best to the cause of humanity.

Anna M. Rosenberg

NY Regional Director, War Manpower Commission

TO ME, there is one essential difference between women's participation in this war and in the last one. I think that today women have a much deeper appreciation of what this war means to them. It strikes at the very heart of all a woman lives for—the home. I think that what outrages the American women most is the attempted total obliteration of the family unit under fascism and Nazism. Wherever these forms of government have been set up, they have with cold deliberation ruthlessly set about to destroy the dignity of the home and family, and to substitute for it the cold patronage of the state. Children are taught that they belong not to the family but to the state. Girls are urged to produce progeny for the further enhancement of the power and prestige of the state. The social security of the state demands it.

In this country I had the privilege of administering our own government social security program for a number of years. Here we interpret social security differently. To us it is social security for the family—its enrichment through a more secure economic position in our way of living. That has been *our* basis, and it has engendered a feeling of cooperation with, and participation in, our government's growth and progress which is far more abiding than anything that brute force could ever accomplish.

Of course there are many practicalities which make women's participation in the war effort today much more valuable than it was twenty-five years ago. Women have become adept at handling machinery; they have earned for themselves a more secure and respected place in the labor market; they have broken down the skepticism and reluctance of employers.

But basically it is because the American woman today believes implicitly that she is helping to preserve the American family—its independence, its security, its hope of the future—that will make her contribution to eventual victory so tremendous.

The Enemy Within

Albert E. Kahn

Co-author with Michael Sayers of "Sabotage"

DURING this last year Americans have been rudely awakened to the fact that a secret enemy army has been operating for some time on American soil. This awakening was long overdue. Nine years before the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor, Axis spies, saboteurs, and propagandists began flocking into the United States. These enemy agents, whose work was supervised by the German, Japanese, and Italian Military Intelligences and Propaganda Ministries, organized in America a complex fifth column network and launched a secret war against the United States. This filth of the Axis political underworld was permitted to operate in the United States with incredible freedom and almost complete impunity. A graphic illustration is the German-American Bund. Created for the clear purpose of spying, sabotaging, and propagandizing in the service of Nazi Germany, the Bund—which numbered 20,000 members at its peak—functioned unmolested for eight years before Pearl Harbor and for seven months *after* Germany declared war on the United States. Finally, in June 1942, the Bund was officially recognized by our government as being "un-American," and the Department of Justice announced it was undertaking a nationwide campaign "to put the Bund out of business."

The various counter-espionage and counter-sabotage measures taken since Dec. 7, 1941, indicate a growing awareness of the real menace of the Axis fifth column. The FBI has broken up several important German and Japanese spy rings, and trapped a number of saboteurs, including the eight who landed this summer from Nazi submarines. Labor unions are carrying out comprehensive programs for combating enemy sabotage in key war industries. Managements in industrial plants have set up special anti-sabotage units to work with the FBI and Military and Naval Intelligence. The progressive press as a whole has done much to acquaint Americans with the dangers of Axis sabotage and espionage.

Steps also have been taken against Axis psychological sabotage—that most deadly form of fascist sabotage which seeks to disunite and demoralize the American people by undermining their confidence in the US war leadership, by disseminating anti-Semitic, anti-Negro, and anti-"Communist" propaganda, and by stirring up suspicion against our partners in the United Nations, particularly against the Soviet Union, Great Britain, and China. After intense public pressure, which indicated a growing alertness to the fifth column danger, Father Coughlin's seditious *Social Justice* was barred from the United States mails; and subsequently several similar publications were suppressed. Axis propagandists, like the Nazi hireling George Sylvester Viereck and the Japanese agent Ralph Townsend, have been indicted and a number of them sentenced to jail. The Office of War Information is conducting an extensive campaign to expose and offset the propaganda devices and the disruptive techniques of the enemy.

Unfortunately the Axis fifth column is far from being smashed. It has had to change its form and tactics to some extent, but it still functions on a wide scale. The ODWU (Organization for the Rebirth of the Ukraine), a fascist Ukrainian espionage-sabotage ring set up in the United States by the German Military Intelligence and having its official headquarters in Berlin, remains active and intact; in fact, in August 1942 ODWU leaders met in New York City and publicly boasted that the majority of ODWU members were "at present employed in plants working for defense" or were in the US armed forces. The Spanish and Finnish embassies and consulates, centers of Axis espionage, are still permited to operate. Many members of the Christian Front, the Ku Klux Klan and other fifth column groups continue their subversive activities. Flagrantly pro-Axis and anti-Semitic publications, printed in a variety of languages as well as in English, appear regularly in every part of the country. Millions of Americans are reached each day with ill-disguised Axis propaganda presented in the pages of the New York *Daily News,* Chicago *Tribune,* Washington *Times-Herald,* and the Hearst press. Reps. Hamilton Fish and John Rankin, Sens. Robert Reynolds and Gerald P. Nye, and others in the congressional clique which was used so advantageously by paid Axis propagandists, are still in office and still aiding the psychological offensive of the enemy. The viciously disruptive activities of Cong. Martin Dies continue to be a source of boundless delight to the Axis.

It is high time we recognize the necessity for being ruthless with the enemy on the home front. Members of organizations like the ODWU should be imprisoned without further delay. The Finnish and Spanish embassies and consulates should be closed immediately. Congress should enact laws making enemy sabotage a crime punishable by death. All anti-Semitic and anti-Negro publications should be suppressed and the spreading of such propaganda made a criminal offense. Father Coughlin and his fellow conspirators should be placed on trial. Stern measures should be taken by the government against those influential publishers who use the freedom of the press as an excuse for aiding the Axis by fomenting doubt and disunity among the American people. Axis collaborators in Congress should be investigated by the Department of Justice.

If we are to win this war and smash the Axis, the enemy on the home front must be rooted out and destroyed no less ruthlessly than the enemy abroad.

[*Additional statements will appear in forthcoming issues.*]

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SLOW TRAIN

The prairie was like the sea when he left that night. And when I met his father again there still was no word from him or the submarine riding the wild waves. A short story by Meridel Le Sueur.

IT HAD been almost a year since I had come last on the slow milk train down from the north. Last year I had met Bud who was going back to submarine duty in the Pacific. He had a bottle of wine and we rode all night on the slow train, the ghostly conductors coming through the darkened coaches with their old-fashioned lanterns. It was Bud's last night inland and he was taking a good long whiff of it. He had come back to shuck some corn before going back under the sea. That night, all night long I watched him as he stuck his pug nose against the window and looked out on the snow-locked land. *He looked funny in his uniform. But he was an inland kid* really, a farmer's kid.

But he looked funny then.

It was before Pearl Harbor.

It was after June 22.

It was the first snow.

"Lord," he kept saying along with some stronger language, "that's the earth there under the snow. The sea's like the prairie sometime on a still night, but the sea, you can't get your spurs into. The prairies now, you can get your knees in. There she is—America!"

I thought it was the wine then. A year later, now, it is different. It has been different all evening, coming from the harbor, men swarming the docks, still light at nine-thirty, wartime. And the women in overalls coming from work and now the train is half full of women going to the city for war jobs, *each looking anxiously into the dark windows. It is different* now.

It is not a year ago.

This is America, now, at war.

And Bud is reported missing somewhere in the Pacific in a submarine engagement which took place around March.

THE train jerked to a stop. I saw him coming down the aisle and I don't know why I did it but I ducked down in the seat and pretended to be asleep. It was Bud's old man, a farmer from upstate. He came down the aisle confused, like a man used to a wide horizon, caught in the confines of the train. He was so tall he had to stoop for the train lamps and you wouldn't know what hinged his bones together in the tight sheath of his skin, and his big nose rode the bone of his skull like a prow. He was burned to parchment and I heard his *sun dried bones pop as he folded into the seat opposite me,* his long hands strong between his knees, as haying hooks. His hawk eyes marked me off.

"Well, ain't you out of bounds," he said.

He is a great talker, a man seasoned in weather, canny as a fox, and a heart like a red haw.

"How are you getting on?" I said. This is the first question you ask a farmer and you know the answer.

"It's all right," he said pursing his great mouth, empty of teeth. "The AAA was a short blanket; you pulled it up to warm yer ribs and yer feet stuck out. But the hunting has been good this year and never a better fer fishin'. I guess we ain't set a trap yet good enough fer that wild animal—Hitler. Jest cribbed me five hundred bushels of corn without Bud this year. He would've liked the sight of the corn, knee high a week before the Fourth."

"Where are your sons now?"

"Bud was the last to go. Five now in the army and the navy. Leaves me on my land like my grandpappy in the Civil War, then nobody left but the women. He lost five sons and got wounded hisself. He volunteered from Minnesota, Abraham Lincoln's first volunteers, organized by Ignatius Donnelly, and he got a medal for 'brave and meritorious service,' that's what it said on it, but when he come back to the farm alone, he never put no store by it, left it lyin' around. That's the way with my boys, like Bud, up and volunteered, the Irish got a hankerin' for freedom, seems like—" He grins in his empty mouth and his eyes cloud with a film of distance.

"Can you run the farm yourself?"

He spit long and accurately into the tall brass gaboon. "Hell, I can run it now, and in a couple more wars, if they're the right wars. I got a feelin' in my bones this here is a right war."

I wouldn't ask him how old he was, or how many years it had been since he had hewed the farm out of the woods.

"The way I figure it," he was settling for a long tale, "is that everything ain't perfect. Like I alwas say I got the best, up to date, equipped, and mortgaged farm in these parts. You're pore. You're milked from both ends, but I figure in this war the people are going to rare back and give it a whirl. You feel it like a good season. Now Bud tells me in Africa they hate to dock and see the people there starvin' and beggin' the way no hum bing should. Sometime though you feel mad as a hornet at the slow way they're goin'. I write me a letter every Saturday night to the President or somebody down there. I tell 'em what I think. I got a right to tell 'em. I got a duty."

"Where you headed for now?" I said.

"I'm goin' down to see about them soy beans the govn'ment is wantin' us to put in now, and raisin' milk weed seems like a good thing effen it floats like they say." He talked a long time and I listened and the train went meandering on and after awhile the coach was darkened and the night rose, visible in the windows on both sides, and you could see the tiny main streets and the church steeples and the closed and sleeping houses, and then we would take off into the low, wide prairie with the wonderful swinging arc around you, and the sky swinging above in another arc, and the evening star bright and low in the fox fall.

The old farmer gradually lapsed from the saga of his life, from the long, toothless rumination into a sleep which was as just as his speech.

BUT I coudn't sleep. I listened to the call of the switchmen, to the signal of the frogs, and I kept thinking of that night a year ago coming down from the north with Bud and that night he didn't sleep like his old man now. He slept fitfully and in astonishment. He was astonished at what was happening to him. He knew it then.

We didn't know it that night laughing at him because he looked so ludicrous and because it was so funny and melodramatic to see a sailor, far inland, on a snowy night, who couldn't tell us where he was going.

We were all saying goodbye at the station and kissing each other and there was this cocky little sailor like some kind of gay

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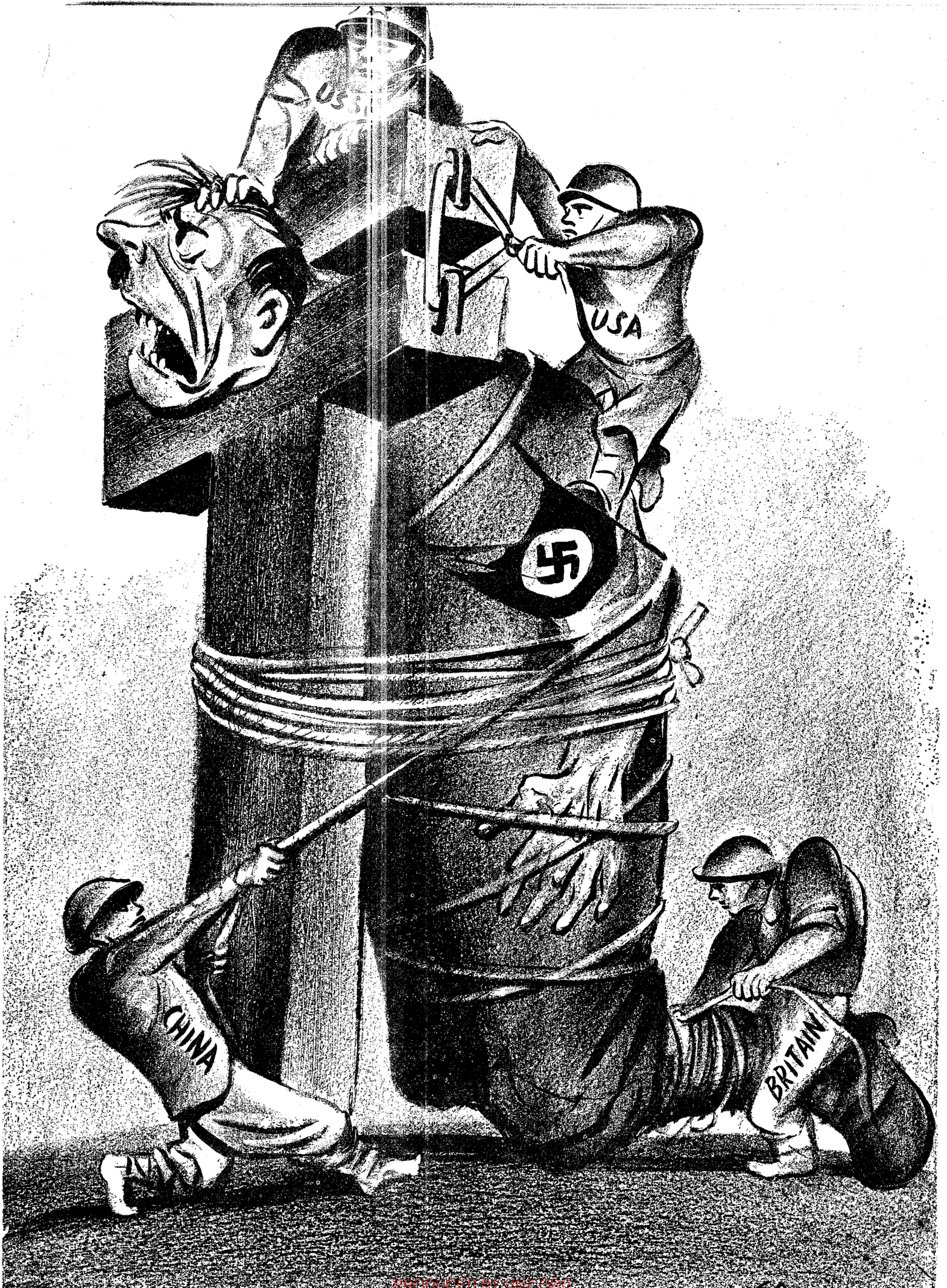

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bug with a bottle in his hand from which he boldly tippled. "Kiss me," he said, "kiss me too." And I said, "Why, it's Bud." And we all kissed him, laughing, till he was spinning and hooting amidst the girls and it was very funny seeing him then.

It was winter. The first snow had fallen early, in a blizzard. And what was he doing in that frost-locked moony land? He was going to the twin cities. He was taking off for parts unknown. He couldn't tell us where. And that was very funny too. It all sounded very funny then and he looked very funny.

That was before Pearl Harbor.

That was early.

Every time we looked at him, he was funny, all decked out in his sailor suit with his bandy legs and his neck going straight up from his uncollared throat into his bandy little head which sat cockily on his shoulders. You could put him in a thimble and the girls all kissed him goodbye and we got on the milk train and he said, "Well, I'm off."

He knew it then. I saw him knowing it. His eyes opened wide, looking at me and the pain lay back in them like some shadow when the sun is low and it is cast far before. He knew then. He was ahead of us.

"I come back," he said, "to shuck me some corn. I got mighty lonesome to shuck a crib of corn, and a good old jig time tune, and corn husking time. I wanted to crib me about a hundred bushels of corn and that's what I did. Just wanted to come from that old salty brine and rip off the husk of a big juicy ear of corn and see the milk come out." He showed his broad thumb, thick as a spat. "Good big knuckled corn too, and now I got to see my Uncle Sammy, got to see the world. Sounds funny but it's true now we're walkin', fightin' on the earth, sailin' on it, sailin' in the sea, touchin' it, makin' love to it. Flesh and earth, you find out they're everywhere. You look down our valley, in the middle of the USA and the snow now, and the dog star, well you know without sayin' a word, what the people of Poland felt, the farmers of France, the people in China who fight in the rice fields. You got to work the earth to find out—maybe you got to fight in it—maybe—"

I'M NOT saying that he talked like this right out, in one spurt. It came out slow through the night, with sleep, and drinking, and walking on the milk station platforms. Talking comes out in the night, and American talk is very beautiful at night. It's most often on the ledger in the daytime. Night talk is very different from day talk in America. Perhaps it is so everywhere.

And the talk of men about to become part of a world struggle is something you listen to all night long.

"This is my land," he shouted so the conductor stuck his head in and put his finger to his lips. "My land, and I'll talk about it, you old coot, it's my land and I come back here a thousand miles to shuck me some corn, got anything to say about it? Put up the old dukes, world, let 'er go. I'm a southpaw and I'm rarin' to go."

He seemed to sleep a moment and then he opened his eyes and leaned over, tapping my knee with his finger. "You know that fascism tears up the earth, it's hard on the earth. It's hard on people but it tears up the earth, it's very, very hard on the earth."

Another time he told about his great-grandfather coming over from Ireland during the famine and he began tossing, "Give me a grain of corn, mother, only a grain of corn.

"I been workin' all my life and that's what I like—work. Why, when I was knee high to a milking stool I swore my old man would take off his britches, throw them under the bed, roll over and meet them on the other side and yell for me to go out and feed the stock!"

He talked seriously then, with all the deadly accuracy of a man who's living quick and chewing the cud of his life. He knew what was going to happen then. You could tell by the way he didn't sleep, but would just close his eyes and spring alive like a man with a job to do in the morning. "This is going to be a big fight," he shouted once, half-crying and half-laughing. He said he had not expected such a big fight, the golden gloves maybe, or even the twin city league but this—

Then he told jokes, those silly wonderful jokes about the mongoose, about the horse that talked, and the shaggy dog stories and dozens of moron stories. He looked out the window at the American night and thought of his boyhood, and the sights and smells of the day, newly cut grass and your first corn silk cigarette under the house and the fights and the girls. Toward the "shank of the evening," as he called it, he seemed suddenly in the midst of speech to sleep, but in a peculiar way, bolt upright, and his whole body rode the train expertly. I finally took his bobbing head and drew it to my shoulder, thinking to hold him still, and he looked so fragile and I had a sense to comfort him, but he sprang instantly awake like an animal used to danger and looked at me and grinned. "I suppose I was riding the wild waves. In that sub when the depth charges go off you think that you are going to cave in. When you eat dinner, the plates go by you quicker than porpoises. I've eaten off seven different plates in the course of a meal. I've drunk out of ten cups of coffee passing by. You get so you can't sleep without bouncing. Anchored in a bed is torture. I could sleep best in a hay wagon going over an unplowed field. I got to get me some air. Let's take this one walking."

The train had stopped and it was just before dawn. The chill wind blew and I saw him lean over and touch the frosty earth. He saw me see him, and grinned. "The sea is awful deep," he said, "but somewhere at the bottom must be the earth."

"Yes," I said.

Then he pretended to throw a curve, winding up with his left arm and letting the ball go. I'll always see him like that; his lean, wild Irish body, tragic and cocky, his hat hanging like a bat on the side of his great unfinished head, his big ears like pitcher handles, and his wide child's eyes, and yet the look of something the world is just knowing. He knew it then. In a gesture like the pitcher uses when he reaches down and gets the dust on his mitt—or even touches the earth for luck, dusts his spit—so he reached down and touched the earth. I'll never forget him crouching there, looking up at me, grinning that twist of a grin that is the same for pain or fun. Just for a moment he beat his left paw in the socket of his right palm; then wound elaborately, spinning, lifting his foot, swinging his short strong body back, he let fly an imaginary ball into the frosty night.

WE WERE coming into the lowlands of the river city now and I did not look over at Bud's old man. I looked out on the long and tender dawn of the flat lands. The dawn earth was smoking; low down on the turf rose the smoke breath out of which the cows lifted their horns. In the sky hung a star yellow as a daffodil, shining now, not in the dark, but in the long swath of dawn sky.

The train wailed long and parted the wisps of mists of fog in the low land and along the steaming river and passed the dark horses standing in the mist which flew along the dark loam like the hair of women sleeping.

My skin prickled and I knew Bud's old man was looking at me with his hawk's eyes and I had to turn and he was pointing one long cant hook finger at me, "He'll turn up," he said as if he had known every thought of my head. "He'll turn up, captured or rescued. You can't tell but he'll turn up. He's my last man. I lay my bets he'll turn up. Pitch over the hay and there he'll be. He's my youngest, my last man. I told you he was a southpaw, didn't I?"

I moved over to be near him.

MERIDEL LE SUEUR.

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GET TOUGH WITH CONGRESS

We have gone far since that day of infamy but Washington still faces a steep, rocky, sniper-ridden road. Breaking the minority stranglehold. Counter-pressure and how to organize it.

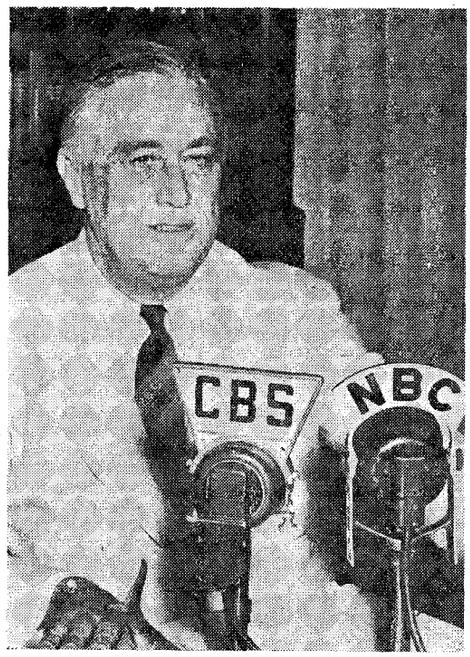
Washington.

IN ALL the United States, there is no spot from which it is more difficult to review a year of war than from the nation's capital. For Washington is unique: it is the only great city in the world completely devoted to the business of government. As a result Washington is in one sense removed from the war—from the actual struggle to produce, from many of the difficulties of adjusting life to wartime strains. Without industry, Washington lacks a significant trade union movement. Here, at the national headquarters of the CIO and AFL, union officials are concerned with labor problems elsewhere. Here, thinking is in relation not to this community but to the rest of the country, the rest of the world. Congress gathers to act for the remaining forty-eight states. The administration is busy guiding and regulating the destinies of people engaged in the professions, business, industry, or agriculture somewhere else. Washington is an island where the realities of the people's war are too apt to be dimmed and filtered, as President Roosevelt intimated on his return here last October from his tour of the country.

A review of the year from Washington is likely to overstress failures rather than achievements. Elsewhere in this issue of NEW MASSES are estimates of changes and advances in production, in the military outlook, and in other spheres. I want to deal hurriedly with Congress, and the impact of the war on the administration as it looks from here. My report will probably be discouraging in part, but then, it should be taken in relation to the total picture of the war.

One thing is certain. No matter what impact the war has had, Congress reflected changing conditions to a smaller degree than any other important national institution. The record of Congress for the past year has been, to say the least, uninspired. Formal support of the war was granted, but too often the support was grudging. Appropriations for the conduct of the war sped through the national legislature, and in that respect Congress accepted the fact of war and did its part. But in a deeper sense Congress acted as a brake on the war effort, a drag on national morale, a forum for defeatism.

Almost every proposal that had as its end the full prosecution of total war met with organized opposition and delay—and sometimes defeat—in the House and Senate. The appeasement slurs against the Commander-in-Chief, stock-in-trade of the Hearst, McCormick, and Patterson press, were reiterated and expanded in Congress. No move to impede



"I repeat that the United States can accept no result save victory, final and complete."—Franklin D. Roosevelt addressing the nation two days after Pearl Harbor.

national unity, to disrupt, to play one section or class against another, was without its noisy echo among the legislators. Martin Dies, favorite of the fifth column, was allowed to spew his poison and was awarded funds to continue his pro-fascist activities. Fish and Hoffman, Rich and Sweeney, Day, Rankin, Cox, the Smiths (Howard and Cotton Ed), Bilbo, Wheeler, Nye, Taft, Walsh, and the others like them were permitted to act and speak uninhibitedly in the voice of the enemy. Labor was consistently libeled. Every progressive government agency was slandered and undermined—the Farm Security Administration, the Federal Communications Commission, the Office of Civilian Defense, the Office of Price Administration. Rationing was misrepresented and delayed and sabotaged. The movement for a second front was attacked. Our allies were reviled.

YET for all this failure by Congress to play its rightful role in this crisis year, reaction was frustrated by the defeat of most of the worst legislation proposed. Actually a minority set the general tone of Congress. Most senators and representatives, though sincerely anxious to win the war, remained passive, relinquishing the initiative to the obstructionists. Almost symbolic was the shameful poll tax filibuster in the Senate last week: the second session of the 77th Congress winds up its term of office with a fitting memorial—the defeat of the anti-poll tax bill, an action that betrayed American democracy and bespoke a Hitlerite contempt for the American public.

Now this minority coalition of bourbon Democrats from the South and tory Republicans from the North, swollen with arrogance, well organized, and tasting success, looks forward to ever greater power in the new Congress convening in January. But a year's experience with the menace of this clique poses a question for the rest of the country: what weaknesses permitted the rule of politics-as-usual? It is not inevitable that the new Congress must be a repetition of the old. Why was it that in the past year a minority was able to hamper the war effort so frequently?

The fault, of course, is not in the institution of Congress as such, though reaction has tried to defame the democratic process by just such an argument. Actually the minority was organized and the win-the-war forces were not. Initiative passed to the enemy. The administration too consistently practiced a hands-off policy, failing to exercise sufficient leadership, failing to enunciate issues with decisive clarity. For its part, the labor movement only sporadically brought its full weight to bear on Congress. The small farmers failed to achieve greater unity with labor, which would have enabled them to exercise their influence more effectively. The consumers, the middle classes, the people as a whole did not bear down on the legislators.

That is the task for the coming year—to organize effective pressure on Congress. For Congress is by no means without redemption. Throughout the year the Truman, Tolan, Pepper, Murray, Kilgore, and numerous other committees have constructively pushed the war effort. Most encouraging, these committees have now come together to deal in a unified manner with problems of production. Leadership emerges; with a minimum of support, the initiative can be gained for the win-the-war forces in Congress. And these forces can easily command a majority if they receive the popular backing they merit. In particular, the strongest and most strategic people's organizations, the labor unions, have the opportunity to exert their weight, not sporadically as has been the case in the past year, but in a consistent, integrated manner. What is needed, it seems clear in Washington, is not an influx of lobbyists, but rather a coordinated policy among the international unions, and among

(Continued on page 18)

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A WIN-THE-WAR POSTER EXHIBIT

THE current exhibition of 200 National War Posters at the Museum of Modern Art is a significant example of national unity on the win-the-war program. Artists for Victory, the Council for Democracy, and the Museum of Modern Art sponsored the competition from which these posters were selected. American artists responded with over 2,200 entries from all parts of the country. The 200 selections, on view till January 3, include artists from every economic stratum, Negro and white, organized and unorganized, men and women, soldiers and workers. They also include artists representing diverse approaches to art, technique, and media. Abstract artists and realists, commercial and "fine" artists, magazine illustrators and easel painters, photographers, sculptors, graphic artists—all have rallied to the call for "fighting posters."

Poster art has emerged as an important weapon of this war. These examples mark a technical advance over traditional types because they synthesize elements of all modern artistic media: easel painting, sculpture, photography, the cinema, architectural design, etc. The stream-lined technique and cleverness in manipulating surfaces, however, often become ends in themselves, resulting in sterility. Lack of space precluded the showing of over 2,000 competing posters. These might prove an interesting background for review of the 200 jury-selected exhibitors. The exhibition is a vigorous statement-in-practice of artists' profound hatred of the fascist enemy, their consciousness of the role of production for victory, their understanding of fascism's destruction of culture, freedom, and religion. This is the strength of the exhibition.

There are weaknesses. Where the artist does not fully comprehend the people's character of this war, his statements are unclear, his symbols confused, his poster weak or banal. As the people's character of this war deepens, as it must deepen for victory, the role of the graphic artist will be extended in direct relation to his understanding and expression of this problem.

Production, War Bonds, The Nature of the Enemy, Loose Talk, Slave World—or Free World?, The People Are on the March, Deliver Us from Evil, and Sacrifice are the themes in the competition. The Nature of the Enemy is one of the strongest sections in the exhibition. American artists have been nurtured in the struggle against fascism since its inception. They hate with understanding—hence their forceful expression of Axis monstrosities. Along with the prize-winning "This Is the Enemy" by Karl Koehler and Victor Ancona, other notable posters on this theme are Saul Levine's painting of the Nazi photographing two youths freshly hanged on the gallows; the collaborative poster by Brodovitch and Cassidy, Harari's portrait of the enemy, Bayer's bold use of simple symbols, and Kunyoshi's portrayal of the sadistic Japanese enemy.

The People Are on the March theme exhibits some of the confusions resulting from a lack of understanding. The prize-winner, again the team of Koehler and Ancona, shows four upraised arms, each holding the symbol of his work—farmer, worker, soldier—but all the arms are white. The omission of the Negro worker, farmer, and soldier is a serious weakness. On a global scale, our Chinese and Indian allies are excluded. Stahlhut's and Rubins' interpretation of the same theme and Wilson's "Slave World—Free World?" include the Negro, the Asiatic, and white on an equal basis.

The production theme, which offered unlimited possibilities to the artist, is one of the weak sections of the exhibition. ("Victory Starts Here" is the slogan used by most.) Bates' prize-winning poster is a portrait of a time clock, essentially dehumanized. The role of the worker and his relation to the fighter are successfully indicated in Andy Foster's photographic montage. Only one poster features a woman war worker, Ravitz' "Fight It Out on This Line."

War Bonds posters to be noted are those by Cronbach, Passerini, Greco, Grunbaum, Steccatti, de Sarro.

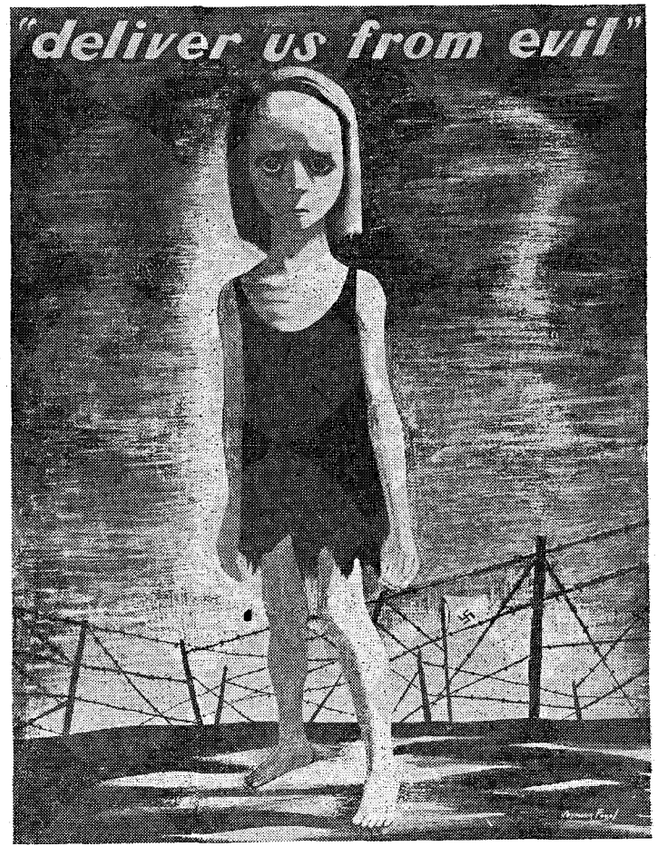
Loose Talk, one of the most popular themes, resulted in some dramatic and different interpretations, e.g., Koerner's prize-winner, also posters by Lieberman, Tytell, and Stella Lincoln.

Deliver Us from Evil has many interpretations. Seymour Fogel's prize-winning poster is outstanding. Sherman, Binder, Lippman, and Larsen should be mentioned. Larsen's Ku Kluxers marching under a burning swastika are the only reference to our own fifth column.

Slave World—or Free World?, a difficult theme involving counter-position, had some unfortunate results—humor, banality, melodrama. George Maas, prize-winner, and Gonzales handle the theme in a dignified manner.

The President wrote to Hobart Nichols, president of Artists for Victory:

"I have seen the report by Artists for Victory on its National War Poster Competition. It is proof of what can be done by groups whose ordinary occupation might seem far removed from war. More than two thousand war posters were produced by the artists of the country, not as a chore that they were asked to do but as a voluntary, spontaneous contribution to the war. The very name of your organization is symbolic of the determination of every man and woman in every activity of life throughout the nation to enlist in the cause to which our country is dedicated."



Seymour Fogel's prize winner—sponsored by The Council for Democracy

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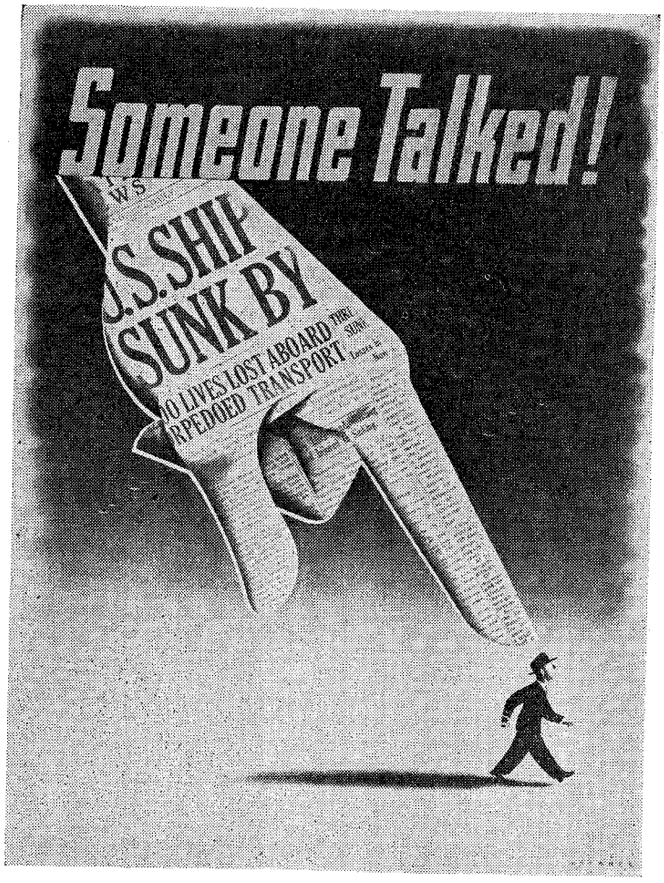
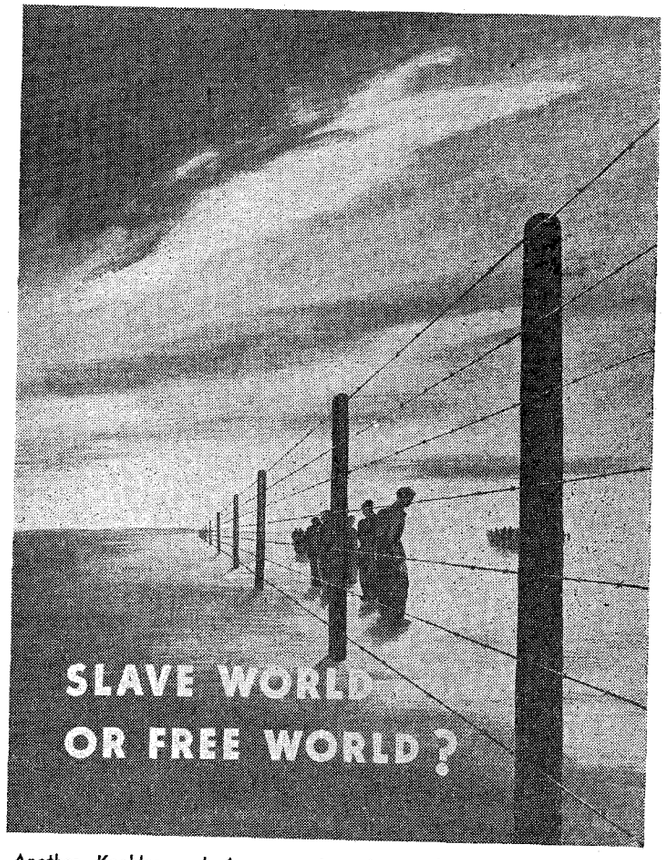
Karl Koehler's and Victor Ancona's prize winning poster

This is the Enemy

Prize winner "Slave World or Free World" by George Maas—sponsored by Council for Democracy



Prize winner by Henry Koerner—sponsored by Artists for Victory



Another Koehler and Ancona prize winner—this one sponsored by Artists for Victory

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(Continued from page 15)

the national offices of the AFL, CIO, and Railroad Brotherhoods. In other words, unity of action in the labor movement.

For, despite Congress' discouraging record, there have been many gains in the past year. The very prosecution of the war places reaction at a great disadvantage. Red-baiting has been increasingly discarded, its true purpose more clearly revealed. The witch-hunts in government departments have waned to an encouraging degree. Unity, no longer merely a slogan, begins to be realized in every aspect of national life. For all the efforts of the defeatists, anti-labor legislation failed to win congressional approval, the progressive agencies essential to the prosecution of the war survived attack, support of the President was strengthened. The launching of the African offensive helped beat down efforts to prevent passage of the legislation lowering the draft age to eighteen. The "farm" bloc retains much of its influence—but it tasted defeat on the issue of controlling farm prices, it has been damaged by publicity, and illusions which it anxiously fostered have been badly shattered.

It appears from Washington that the greatest lesson to be learned is that this war cannot be fought by half measures. Total war demands total effort. The problems of defeating the armies of fascism in the field cannot be isolated from the problems of organizing the home front to meet the strains of military necessity fully and without delay. In foreign policy our government has responded intelligently on the whole and for the most part effectively. Relations improve with our allies, the amity among the nations struggling to preserve civilization has improved. The United States is committed to coalition war, to the offensive. Weaknesses in our armed forces are increasingly corrected and overcome. In eleven months the tragedy of Pearl Harbor has been written off; our navy fights powerfully and brilliantly in the Pacific, our army displays high organizational skill and offensive capacity on the shores of North Africa where it is establishing the preconditions for an invasion of the European continent. In war our armed forces have already proved alert and able to deal blow for blow.

The lag is at home. Our economy has not been readjusted to total war. Production remains chaotic with the armed forces threatening to displace civilian control. Rationing is piecemeal, with the tendency to divorce consumer problems from production. Thinking in relation to critical housing shortages, to problems of public health, to the need for the reorganization of agriculture, is as yet rudimentary. The fight for Negro rights has hardly begun. Plans for manpower mobilization remain in the talking stage. Labor, while thinking in political terms, still hesitates to take its full and rightful place in the war effort, often limiting its contribution to the production front and failing to exert its influence on all public questions. Everywhere there is a faltering unwillingness to smash through old forms that hamper and weaken the war effort. Even at this late date new wine is poured into old bottles—and the result is waste of precious time, energy, and materials. But the trend is otherwise, and that must be made to count.

ONE symbol stands out in looking back over the year. Last May a man was freed from an unjust jail sentence by action of the President. That event was a gauge of progress and of the general course of our national development. The release of Earl Browder was rectification of a fundamental error—the error, as he put it in his book *Victory—And After,* of mistaking friends for enemies, and enemies for friends. Washington has been going through a process of revaluation, of rediscovery. It has begun to acknowledge real friends on the international scene—Great Britain, China, the USSR, the conquered and enslaved peoples, the colonial masses. It has begun to acknowledge friends at home—the people, the workers, the small farmers. Reeducation is an arduous business. The people themselves have to learn to recognize their friends and their enemies. Once they do that, it is apparent to anyone here, the defeatists in Congress are beaten, the obstructionists who cling to old forms, who think in as-usual terms, are on the run.

We have gone far since Pearl Harbor. We have a lot farther to go, but the fact remains that we have begun to clarify the prerequisites of victory. The war against the Axis has been seriously joined. Now it is a matter of prosecuting the war with every resource. Defeatism, appeasement, reaction, for all superficial successes, are on the defensive. The past year has been a preparation. Here there seems to be no valid reasons for believing that the new Congress cannot be forced to respond to the needs of the war, or that the chaos of production and the inadequacies of our economic organization cannot be eliminated, or that this mighty nation cannot throw its full power into the war. This is no time for over-optimistic predictions, but just the same I look forward a year from now to reviewing the twelve months that brought the end of fascism as a world system and the victory of the United Nations.

"Wall Street and a little group of international Jewish . . . ."
—Rep. John Rankin, Mississippi

"Britain declared war on Germany and Germany has the right to defend herself."—Rep. Stephen Day, Illinois.

From "The Illustrious Dunderheads," edited by Rex Stout, illustrated by William Gropper

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JAN VALTIN'S LAST CHAPTER

What punishment for those who came to blow up America's mind? Joseph North looks into "the strange case of Richard Krebs." Who were the men behind him? Those who wield Hitler's "secret weapon." The need for further investigation.

IT IS hard to tell where his story begins. Perhaps it is just as well to start four years ago when a seaman's paper in New York carried a photograph with the caption: "On Guard—Gestapo." The picture was that of a man named Richard Krebs. Perhaps we should begin even earlier, sometime in 1926, when a little Jewish shopkeeper in Los Angeles had his head smashed in by a burglar. Police captured the robber and he served a stretch in San Quentin prison. These are a few beginnings of the fantastic career of a man taken in custody by the FBI last week—a man whose name had become known to millions in this country through a roaring advertising campaign: that name is Jan Valtin.

The phenomenon of Jan Valtin, now behind federal bars as a dangerous alien, merits further examination. Who helped him embark on an astonishing career as the author of a best-seller, after he was known to have been in the service of Hitler (by his own literary confession); burglar (by testimony of a Los Angeles police blotter); illegal resident of this country (he jumped ship at Norfolk, Va., in 1938 with a moral turpitude charge against him)? Is it surprising that the Board of Immigration Appeals declared in its recent verdict: ". . . Within the past five years the subject has been considered an agent of Nazi Germany."?

These facts were not unknown; they were established some eighteen months ago. NEW MASSES of March 4, 1941, in a lead article by Isidor Schneider, titled "The Great Jan Valtin Hoax," presented the man's pedigree. So did Sender Garlin in the *Daily Worker,* so did *PM*. What remarkable literary qualifications did Krebs possess that outweighed all the above considerations? What credentials did the ex-jail bird carry? These are legitimate questions of a nation at war, questions millions must be asking lest we overlook similar enemy agents in today's hurly-burly. For millions know the name Jan Valtin—the Book-of-the-Month Club and *Reader's Digest* (circulation 5,000,000) saw to that. So did—what a collection—William Henry Chamberlin, who gloated over the book in the New York *Times;* so did Freda Kirchwey in the *Nation;* so did Isaac Don Levine in the Hearst press (he ghosted the opus); so did Eugene Lyons in the *Mercury*.

And there were others. Most of them shady characters whose record before and after the declaration of war does not bear scrutiny; some of them genuine win-the-war exponents today who, to be lenient, were taken in by the hoax, or, as is likelier, permitted their anti-Soviet bias to becloud their good sense.

For there were plenty of intimations that the book was not all it was cracked up to be: many of the reviewers had the canniness to afford themselves an "out." They tossed in qualifying phrases while they plugged the book. The crassest example was Orville Prescott's review in *Cue* magazine: "As to credibility—who can say? Certainly it would be folly to trust a man like Valtin without a few private reservations. Highly recommended." Vincent Sheean was cagier. In an otherwise favorable review in the *Herald Tribune* he wrote: "Nobody can confidently assert its accuracy throughout." In other words their reaction to the book was, as Mr. Schneider pointed out, "Probably lies, but highly recommended."

UNDOUBTEDLY many of these men regret their part in foisting this hoax—and a particularly dangerous one it was—upon the American public. For history these past eighteen months has shown that to be anti-Soviet is to be anti-American. And certainly Valtin-Krebs is anti-American or he would not be the subject of the government's attentions.

For Jan Valtin's handiwork is as dangerous as that of the Nazi spies who landed from submarines on our coastlines. Is it mere coincidence that news of his arrest comes the very day that three Nazi spies are sentenced to the electric chair? These men had come to blow up bridges, to explode war factories, to kill, and to sabotage. What about those who came here to blow up America's mind? Is the latter not part of Nazi technique, the more dangerous part? Hasn't Hitler's chief stock in trade been the dissemination of anti-Soviet, anti-Communist propaganda, to confuse, to befuddle, to split the peoples he plots to conquer? Wasn't that Hitler's tactic in coming to power? Isn't it the same device to be used in the impending peace offensive? "Let us make peace and combine our strengths against the peril of *Das Bolshewissmus.*"

The Valtin book is part of a whole literature designed by

Caselli

"Come on up, Valtin. The printer is waiting."

Reprinted from NEW MASSES of March 4, 1941

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the cunning Goebbels to soften up the nations for conquest. That literature came mighty nigh success: it still menaces our people and millions throughout the United Nations. It is, as Earl Browder points out in his book *Victory—And After*, Hitler's "secret weapon." Powerful fifth columnists in this country still pursue that tack: *vide* Martin Dies and the southern senators who claimed that the nationwide movement to abolish the poll tax was a device of Earl Browder. *Out of the Night* was the literary counterpart of Martin Dies' own opus, *The Trojan Horse*. And the latter, as Mr. Browder says in his new book, "represents Hitler's center of power inside the government of the United States, sabotaging our foreign policy, writing Hitler's desires into our laws, corrupting our sources of information, 'sabotaging the mind' of the nation, 'softening up' the United States for Hitler's conquest." Valtin's work complemented Dies': The main burden in *Out of the Night* was slander of the Soviet Union, slander of Communists in all lands of the world.

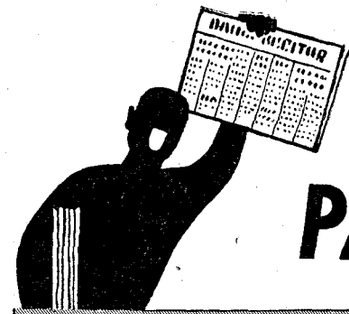
IT IS generally recognized today that the security of the United States, of the United Nations, depends upon closest collaboration with the Soviet Union. To forestall that collaboration, to sabotage it, and render it impossible was Hitler's main concern. It was, and it is. Fascism fears the coalition of democracies as the devil fears holy water. Is it totally accidental that Jan Valtin's principal slander in *Out of the Night* was directed toward George Dimitrov, the great Communist whose name was chiefly associated with the statement of collective action against Hitler as far back as 1935? His speech on this subject was published in the United States in half a million copies. This is the man who won the imagination of the world when he transformed the Reichstag fire trial, in which his head was at stake, into an offensive against Hitler. Valtin maligns him as a sadist and lecher who betrayed his principles and his associates. Hitler's work?

But this is 1942. Many have learned their lesson—learned it the hard way, a lesson paid for with the blood of millions. Stalingrad is a flaming word of hope to the world. No true patriot can ever again swallow Goebbels' bait. I am sure most liberals who were taken for a ride on the Valtin bandwagon are sincerely regretful. They must resent the fantastic defense of him by the American Civil Liberties Union, a defense that flouts every reality today. For to defend Valtin and what he stands for is to reject the whole concept of *United Nations*—the basic concept of this war.

Oh, there are those who *must* defend him—individuals whose own careers are closely linked with the "dangerous alien." I cannot imagine Isaac Don Levine, Krebs' closest collaborator, wriggling out of his responsibility at this late date. Nor Eugene Lyons, nor Freda Utley. Is it beyond bounds to ask that these too be investigated for their part in the Valtin conspiracy? Is it beyond reason to ask for the investigation of all who are today engaged in sabotage of the American mind? Chief among them is the school of professional anti-Sovieteers, those who wield Hitler's "secret weapon" against America's national interests. True, business is bad for them, their margins of profit decrease rapidly. But they still do plenty of mischief. What about Eugene Lyons? What about Isaac Don Levine? What about his boss, William Randolph Hearst? What about Charles E. Coughlin? What about Martin Dies? Patterson? McCormick?

Indeed, the federal agencies responsible for the arrest of Richard Krebs merit congratulation: it is a step forward. But what about those more powerful? We have the right to ask when they too will stand behind bars with the Nazi agent they foisted upon the American people. Otherwise we will not keep faith with our sons and brothers who stand before Nazi gunfire on the frontlines today.

JOSEPH NORTH.



PRESS PARADE

"I Dream of the Day . . ."

THE following is an excerpt from a letter to his aunt, written by a soldier who is in training to be a pilot:

"It seems I never write you a letter without having to scold you for something. This time it's a touchy subject with me. Remember writing the following: 'I am sure the good news about Africa will dispel your gloom and impatience at the delay of your essential training course. Here's hoping it is over before it is necessary for you to do any combat flying.'

"I thought you knew me better. Do you think I am sweating blood and getting banged up down here to have my course end with the idea in mind of never getting to see action? I dream of the day I get my wings and join the fleet. I am praying daily that my course is shortened and that I am sent to a flight base. . . .

"I could take a beating all day long and with that idea in mind never feel the pain. I lie in my bunk at night and think of those fellows out there with the fleet, hoping I am in time to be able to do my share of the work that must be done. . . . Flying is my life, and having your work play such an important part in winning this war, one would be unworthy of any American's right of freedom and of life if he wasn't all out on his job.

"Remember that and next time you hear any one say that he or she wishes their son never gets to see action, either in the air or on the ground, you ask them if they aren't being selfish. Perhaps their son feels as I do, that fighting this war is a privilege, not a duty! We down here are united in that idea."

New York "Times."

Back to Franco

RETURNED to Madrid recently: Don Jose Carlos de Baylen, formerly Charge d'Affaires in Panama, the man who showed how not to behave as a diplomat.

The government of Panama expelled him eight weeks ago after he declared to a meeting of the exclusive Union Club: "I cannot see why Panama should celebrate its independence. You are all firmly under the heel of Roosevelt."

Expelled from Panama, Don Jose turned up in Cuba as a propagandist for the Axis. After a fortnight the government of Fulgencio Batista, in a roundup of prominent Spanish Falangists, loaded Baylen on the liner "Marques de Comillas" just before it sailed for Spain.

What, No Pokerface?

"HER husband says 'Kit embodies and projects beauty. She can be old or young, radiant or dull, splendid, drab, inspired, buoyant, harsh, grief-stricken—whatever she chooses to be.'

"She looked all that as she sat there talking."

From an interview with Katharine Cornell in the New York "Post."

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NEW MASSES
ESTABLISHED 1911

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How Long Is Temporary?

THE scuttling of the French fleet was a symbol of the growing resistance of the French people. It is true that the United Nations, as well as the Axis, lost those sixty-two ships of war. But the bravery of the men who chose death and imprisonment rather than surrender to the Nazis is an unquestionable augury of the war potential of a fighting France.

The role assigned to Darlan by the American command in Africa becomes increasingly difficult to understand. As that role continues and, indeed, develops beyond the scope originally announced, it becomes hard to accept the excuse of temporary expediency. The arrangement with Darlan was explained in terms of military need to enable the Anglo-American forces to operate with minimum loss of life and to speed the attack on the German-Italian divisions. President Roosevelt has given assurances that the deal was made on the spot and carried no political significance. All public pronouncements have indicated that both the American and British governments recognized Darlan to be the Vichy weasel that all anti-fascist Frenchmen know him to be.

It is, therefore, disturbing to find that Darlan retains his influence and that, moreover, he may be building a considerable bargaining position for himself with the aid of some Americans here who quake at the thought of a complete fascist collapse. In North Africa, according to a Reuter's report from London (New York *Times*, November 23), Darlan has been permitted to sign a decree establishing an economic and general secretariat, the powers of which are described as comprising "all the problems concerning production, distribution, consumption and transport of labor, finance and foreign trade."

The continuance of any arrangement with Darlan, let alone a further strengthening of his position, must be questioned. For it is not only Darlan at issue. What about Otto von Hapsburg? Mikhailovitch? The king of Italy? These are only a few of the names certain groups in this country are mentioning as possibly useful expedients.

There is only one sound rule that can be followed in rallying the people of Europe to unstinted effort against the Axis, and that is to eschew the Quislings whom the people hate. Darlan is one of them.

Poland's Jews

ONE of the most fiendish of all the ghastly reports from Hitler-dominated Europe is the news that 1,000,000 Jews—nearly a third of Poland's Jewish population—have been systematically murdered by the Nazis. Another million Polish Jews are now menaced by starvation and the lack of medical supplies. Mass electrocutions and gassing have become common, and, because it is less expensive the bestial fascists are now turning to a new method—the injection of air bubbles into the blood stream. Dr. Stephen S. Wise has amplified this information with affidavits from reliable Washington sources that the Nazis were offering fifty reichsmarks for corpses which are converted into soaps, fats, lubricants, and fertilizers.

The human mind cannot hurdle the difficulty of realizing the immensity of this butchery. The extirpation of Jews in occupied Europe, as well as of other peoples, steels the world's determination to annihilate the Berlin monsters who have perpetrated these crimes against brave peoples. As a rabbi said of those peoples recently, "they are like the soldiers and sailors who die in battle—they, too, are heroes and martyrs of freedom."

Policies in Production

WHAT the press calls a "showdown" over control of war production is about to take place between Donald Nelson, supported by other civilian members of the WPB, and the Army and Navy. At present the WPB, instead of running production, as was intended when it was created last January, is actually subordinated to the Army and Navy procurement divisions. This situation is a result of Nelson's action last March in signing over to them a large part of the powers originally given him by President Roosevelt. Now the armed services seek even more complete control over production.

Behind what appears to be a fight for power there is a more fundamental struggle involving the organization of our whole war economy. The procurement divisions of the armed services are the last-ditch stronghold of business-as-usual. The policies of the procurement divisions are the very antithesis of centralized planning, and have resulted in the disproportions and shortages that are hampering maximum output. The Army and Navy are doing a superb job of waging war; why should they handicap themselves and the country by taking on the complicated job of directing production?

We hope President Roosevelt will resolve this conflict by placing production fully and unequivocally under civilian control. He is also now weighing changes in another phase of the production setup: manpower. It is generally agreed that a single agency to handle military and industrial manpower is essential, and here too it is important that the agency be under civilian direction. And such an agency can function most effectively if it is integrated with machinery for the centralized guidance and planning of our entire war economy.

A real contribution toward the clarification of the problems of war economy was made by a special institute arranged last Saturday in New York by the editors of *Science and Society*. Officials of government agencies joined with economists, scientists, and labor leaders in a fruitful discussion of such problems as women in industry, discrimination, utilization of scientists, allocation of manpower, rationing, inflation, centralized control of war production, and labor policies. The general tenor of the discussion was in line with the proposals of those who seek the removal of all obstructions to the maximum mobilization of all our human and industrial resources for the war effort. Among the participants were Dr. Harry Grundfest, secretary of the American Association of Scientific Workers; Prof. Joseph Needham, famous British biologist; Earl Browder, general secretary of the Communist Party; Professor Mildred Fairchild of Bryn Mawr College; John Beecher, New York regional director of the Fair Employment Practice Committee; J. J. Joseph of the planning division of the War Manpower Commission; Professor Paul M. Sweezy of Harvard University; Charles A. Collins, of Local 6, Hotel and Club Employes Union (AFL); Julius Emspak, secretary of the United Electrical, Radio and Machine Workers (CIO); and Jesse Freidin, assistant counsel of the War Labor Board.

Dilemma of the GOP

PERHAPS December 7 is a not inappropriate date for the meeting of the Republican National Committee. It may serve to remind people that so many of the Republican big shots are tainted with the infamy of Pearl Harbor through the appeasement policies they

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advocated. The National Committee meeting at St. Louis finds these same unreconstructed defeatists dominant in the councils of the party. These forces are in sharp conflict with the titular head of the party, Wendell Willkie, whose support of President Roosevelt's policies and whose championing of international collaboration and the colonial peoples have won him great prestige among the Republican rank and file and the people generally.

The conflict between these two trends within the Republican Party is centering around the choice of a new chairman to replace Rep. Joseph Martin, who has resigned. In view of the fact that the Republican strength in both houses of Congress is almost equal to the Democratic strength, this post assumes increased importance. Martin himself, though he sought to walk the tightrope between conflicting tendencies, was obviously aligned with the disruptive and defeatist Hoover-Landon-Taft forces. And in resigning he did not blush to mention among the possible candidates to succeed him Werner Schroeder of Chicago, the man Friday of that paladin of pro-fascism, Col. Robert McCormick. Whether Schroeder or someone with a less embarrassing pedigree gets the job, the Republican leaders will be riding for a fall if they continue to interpret the election results as signalizing the open season for obstructing and undermining, in alliance with reactionary southern Democrats, our country's fight for survival. Governor Stassen of Minnesota, a Willkie supporter, was far closer to the sentiment of the voters when he said in a broadcast after the election: "It is tremendously more important that the war be won decisively and speedily than it is that our Republican Party win in 1944."

An Open Letter

TO THE delegates to the convention of the National Association of Manufacturers: It wouldn't surprise us if you haven't yet seen our Washington editor's report of a meeting of your Resolutions Committee, held behind closed doors last September 17 at a New York hotel. Our Washington editor, Bruce Minton, presented evidence of a conspiracy against our Commander-in-Chief which in wartime, as any of your lawyers will quickly tell you, borders on treason. You haven't read the proceedings of your Resolutions Committee because there are only five copies in existence, carefully guarded and entrusted only to those who would sympathize with their contents.

If you followed the labor press you might have come across comments on the story as it appeared in these pages in the issue of November 17. But only in the labor press. There was not one major newspaper in the entire United States with the courage to reprint, quote, or comment on Bruce Minton's article. Its authenticity is beyond question. It revealed a plot to sabotage our war production certainly as important as any of the acts for which Nazi saboteurs were sentenced to the electric chair last week. But the newspapers kept their lips buttoned.

Here is the kernel of your Resolutions Committee conference. The words are those of Lammot du Pont, chairman of the board of E. I. du Pont de Nemours & Co. "Let's stop ducking the issue. The issue is shall we continue to lend our rights to the government because of the so-called national emergency, or shall we take those rights back? Mr. Roosevelt says that taxes must go higher if we are to win this war. I say if taxes don't come down we may lose the war. . . . An industrialist who has to work without making a decent profit has no enthusiasm to work. . . . Can we get into increasing production wholeheartedly? Let's be sensible. We hold the aces. . . . That's why we propose a sales tax. Of course it will hit the lower income groups. And let's stop pussyfooting around that. Lower corporation taxes! Abolish the excess profits tax! . . . This is a seller's market. They want what we've got. Good. Make them pay the right price for it."

That was Lammot du Pont. Would you as an American businessman have the country believe that your loyalty must be bought at the "right price"?

Here is what another speaker said: . . . "I say negotiate peace now and bring Adolph over here to run the show. He knows how. He's efficient. He can do a better job than any of us can and a damned sight better job than Roosevelt, who is nothing but a left wing bungling amateur."

What opinion will our boys on Guadalcanal, in North Africa, have of American business after they read that?

At your Congress of American Industry opening this week in New York you have a job to do. We don't presume to tell you your business. We do insist, however, that it is your patriotic responsibility to repudiate the Lammot du Pont coterie in the National Association of Manufacturers. What would you do with anyone in your plants who threw sand into machines and destroyed vital war materials? Those are obvious and simple acts of sabotage. Are the words of du Pont or those of the industrialist who wants to import Hitler here any different? The American public looks to you for action that will make unmistakably clear that you stand behind our Commander-in-Chief, that you will not permit any disruption to jeopardize victory.

THE EDITORS.

Lem Ward

LEM WARD'S sudden death last week stunned the whole of the American theater. For Ward as a director was not a "promising" talent—he was an accomplished artist. His achievement survives his death not alone in the memory of his friends but in two outstanding examples of his work currently on Broadway: *Uncle Harry* and *The Eve of St. Mark*.

Neither play is a masterpiece but both are indispensable to students of the theater for what there is to learn about the work of a stage director in the preparation and execution of the playwright's ideas. For a good director—and Lem Ward was close to being a great one—can and does add stature to his materials. He can deepen them, enrich their implications far beyond the intentions and the talents of the script's author. This fact was paramount in those productions we were fortunate enough to have had from Ward before his death at thirty-six. We saw him work during WPA days, in his brilliant handling of *One-Third of a Nation*. We saw him at work again in *Brooklyn, USA*, of last season.

What Lem Ward did in the theater was of a piece with the man. It was his understanding of life, of art, of politics, that made his contribution to our stage so outstanding. He saw life in terms of a collective spirit, of a community of man; and his vision was naturally transferred to the footlights. He had no patience with the decrepit "star system" that not only augments the prestige of a performer far beyond his inherent value as an artist, but more importantly, distorts the significance of his vehicle. His productions were the embodiment of this understanding; his actors worked as a team and his playwrights were part of that team. And for the spirit of solidarity he radiated, for the spirit of common mutual humanity that dominated his outlook, he was not only respected by his colleagues—he was loved. In Ward's hands all who worked with him were able to realize their separate abilities on a higher plane. They fulfilled each other; therefore, they fulfilled themselves.

Lem Ward died on the very threshold of his finest achievements. When we remember him we pay tribute to his indomitable anti-fascist spirit, to the spirit of free men everywhere.

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TRENDS IN WAR WRITING

A glance at progress and shortcomings. Factors that have hindered the full realization of our artistic potential. The challenge of new themes and attitudes.

THE record of American writing since our official entrance into the war offers no ground either for elation or gloom. Our actual achievement does not confirm the hope of those who a year ago may have imagined that a people's war would quickly and automatically generate a cultural renascence. At the same time events have refuted those critical Cassandras who foresaw a necessary disintegration of literary effort for the duration. It is clear that in certain areas, the theater, for example, shortcomings are more evident than progress. Radio writing, on the other hand, has grown in stature and influence. It is perilous, therefore, to make any hard and fast generalizations. All one can do at present is observe several visible trends, keeping in mind the fact that we are in the midst of a vast process of reorientation.

The most positive feature, of course, is the fact that with rare exceptions American writers are wholeheartedly committed to a decisive victory over the Axis. Whether in the pulp or slick magazines, in the film or on the radio, in fiction, poetry, or reportage, there has emerged a United Nations consciousness that is gratifying. And the importance of this basic agreement should not be taken for granted. In France the defeatist, indifferentist, and outright pro-fascist currents among writers, in the midst of war, contributed not a little to the success of Hitler and Laval. We too have our saboteurs of the mind, like Westbrook Pegler and Eugene Lyons; but for every literary Quisling there are scores of writers whose democratic allegiances have matured under the stress of war. If much remains to strengthen and enrich the unity of America's anti-fascist writers, it is nevertheless true that at no time since the Civil War has there been so firm a basis of concerted work.

FOUR principal factors have so far militated against the full realization of our writing potential. The most obvious is time. A mature novel or play cannot be turned out overnight, and in a rapidly changing world crowded with new and complex experiences it is not easy to give form to one's impressions except in limited ways. The second factor has been the lag in our full scale military participation, the absence of a second fighting front in Europe, which inevitably produced a psychology of remoteness as compared, for example, with the psychology of Russian and Chinese writers. A third limiting factor has been the absence of a social instrumentality like the federal cultural projects which could efficiently mobilize not merely the leading writers and artists but those thousands of anonymous talents that helped vitalize the American scene several years back. Finally, and most important, there has been the problem of reorientation from an isolated and competitive conception of the literary craft to an understanding of its integral function in a society dominated by a common purpose.

Participation is the key word underlying all of these considerations. The ivory tower has proved to be the least serviceable of bomb shelters; its inhabitants cannot produce the fighting literature which reality dictates and which the public increasingly demands. Never has the compulsion on writers been so great to get close to the people and to chronicle their lives faithfully and at first hand. For the epochal stories of our time are being enacted in the vital centers of the war, at the active fronts abroad and at home.

"THEY WERE EXPENDABLE" is probably the outstanding example of a new type of participation-writing which the war has produced. W. L. White had to subordinate his own personality—a distasteful pill for any writer—in order to allow Bulkeley, Kelly, and other heroes of the Philippine campaign to tell the story which was after all theirs. By sympathetic and dramatic editing, Mr. White saw to it that this great story was told with maximum artistic effect. The same collaborative technique is used in *The Raft*. The story of the aircraft-carrier Lexington, *Queen of the Flat Tops,* is told by a newspaper man. In *There Go the Ships* Robert Carse details his exciting experiences as a working seaman on a convoy to Murmansk. The Marine Corps is training combat-correspondents. In newspaper and magazine accounts, non-professional writers in our armed forces have given some of the most vivid and expressive stories of the war. The picture of how men are being trained for war has been drawn in a number of books by writers who have lived at the training centers, the most recent example being John Steinbeck's *Bombs Away*. All these works suggest that writers are moving out of the study to the centers of action.

Here, then, is one of the fruitful writing trends of the war. Ours is a country with a great newspaper tradition, and yet the art of reportage, as distinct from the science of fact gathering, has not been developed to the degree that it has been in many other countries. We have not produced many Egon Erwin Kischs or Ilya Ehrenbourgs. It is altogether likely that the imaginative reporter, the novelist of facts, will come into his own during this war. But it is instructive to note, at the same time, that progress in this respect has largely been limited to the zones of military action. Far too little has been done by writers to communicate the impact of war on the home front, on the family, the community, the factories, and the farms. There is dramatic material in the clash of arms; but the subtler drama of the transforming process in American life needs also to be depicted, and so far, by and large, it remains unexplored.

THE same difficulty is apparent in fiction. It is altogether a good thing that so many books on the publishers' lists deal with European themes. These works register the breakdown of isolationism. They help expand our consciousness that what is happening in Russia, Britain, and the occupied countries is vitally related to our own national life. It is interesting to see Erskine Caldwell, who has been almost exclusively the novelist of a region, depicting Russian guerrilla fighters in his new novel, *All Night Long*. We have had several novels about occupied Norway besides Steinbeck's best-seller. Virtually every week witnesses the publication of another novel by popular authors like Louis Bromfield, Kay Boyle, and Ethel Vance, dealing with the

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struggles of the French, the Dutch, the Yugoslavs against the hateful "new order." In this connection it is worth noting that the best work about Europe has been done by Europeans now living in this continent. We cannot do enough honor to those writers who, after tragic ordeal abroad and under difficult circumstances here, have produced in the past year a literature that Americans would do well to study for its virility, insight, and craftsmanship. Novels like Anna Seghers' *The Seventh Cross,* Vladimir Pozner's *The Edge of the Sword,* F. C. Weiskopf's *Dawn Breaks,* and Stefan Heym's *Hostages* have illuminated the book year.

This healthy interest in foreign themes has not, however, been accompanied by a deepened concern with specifically American themes in fiction. For example, we have not had a novel that adequately portrays the fifth column type in American life; a searching study of the Dies or Coudert mentality goes begging for an author. Nor, to go to the opposite extreme, have we seen signs as yet of a literature that does justice to the heroic types that the war is thrusting to the foreground of American life. It is disappointing to find a gifted young writer like Maritta Wolff portraying a Detroit that only in the dimmest way reflects the great changes in an industrial center. "The Prodigal Women," of Nancy Hale's novel are not the women who have assumed a vital role in the factories, in the auxiliary services, in the communities. The new public life of the American family, the civic enterprise in which all social classes and age groups participate, is remolding attitudes and releasing creative energies in a way that no drama, story, or film has significantly portrayed. With a few distinguished exceptions, we are not much better off than we were five years ago with respect to a penetrating literature dealing with the Negro people, a literature that is more vitally needed now than ever before. It is as important for a writer to pillory the poll taxer or the Christian Front fuehrer as it is for him to portray the gauleiter of an occupied country. To ignore the complex pattern of an America struggling to forge an invincible national unity is to invite a new and more sophisticated form of escapism.

IT IS encouraging to note how many nonfiction books have shed light on various phases of the war. The character of the enemy has been unfolded in books like Howard K. Smith's *Last Train from Berlin,* Wallace R. Deuel's *People under Hitler,* Carl Randau's and Leane Zugsmith's *The Setting Sun of Japan.* Even more important, I think, are those books which have helped cement friendship with our Soviet ally. Works like Joseph E. Davies' *Mission to Moscow,* Wallace Carroll's *We're in This with Russia,* Sergei Kournakoff's *Russia's Fighting Forces,* and other books by firsthand observers like Margaret Bourke-White, Anna Louise Strong, and Quentin Reynolds, have shattered the lies of Eugene Lyons, Max Eastman, William Henry

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Chamberlin, and others who had long deceived American readers. The publication of such diverse books as Sergei Eisenstein's *The Film Sense,* Alexander Polyakov's *Russians Don't Surrender,* and Eugene Tarle's *Napoleon's Invasion of Russia* brought us closer to Soviet life and thought.

But cultural interchange among the United Nations, a vital literary task of the war, is still in a primitive state. As Samuel Putnam has repeatedly urged in these pages, we have only begun to scratch the surface of Latin American letters. The publication of T'ien Chun's *Village in August* has called our attention to a Chinese literary renascence of which we remain virtually ignorant. Forthcoming adaptations by Clifford Odets and Philip Stevenson of Soviet plays indicate a healthy tendency, long overdue, to expand the horizons of our theater. We need also to be better informed about new movements in British literature.

SIMILARLY, the problem of reaching a mass audience for writing has by no means been solved, but there is, at least, a profounder consciousness of the need to break through the woefully restricted circle of American book-buyers. Theater workers, for example, have begun to make some progress toward producing short plays in the factories, army canteens, and the communities. There is as yet no clear sign that book publishers are uniting their resources to produce inexpensive books. Radio writing, however, has begun to come into its own, and it is encouraging to find writers like Carl Sandburg and Stephen Vincent Benet devoting their energies to this exciting medium. Norman Corwin's fine series, *This Is War,* set the pace for a host of radio programs whose creators, regrettably, are still not given the public recognition they deserve.

The most serious limitation of war writing thus far has been its inability, by and large, to project the deeper issues of the war. There is always a danger that a writer in time of war will regard everything he does as a "temporary literary expedient." This view is shortsighted and may well be self-defeating. The answer to those who advocate "literature as usual" is not merely that the exigencies of warfare demand a new approach, but that we are living in a crucial epoch that requires a re-definition of values. On the one hand, we must guard against an eternal soliloquy which paralyzes action; but on the other, and just as surely, we must guard against sheer activity which, having lost a sense of its origin and purpose, loses effectiveness. For if we are no longer worshippers of the "superfluous man" wrestling with his own soul in a void, we are equally not robots for what intellectual and emotional values are irrelevant. These are days when creative thinking, nourishing creative action, is not a luxury but a vital necessity of victory.

Even so fine a work as *They Were Expendable* gives only the most limited sense of the *why* of our fighting as an integral part of the *how*. A positive war play like Maxwell Anderson's *The Eve of St. Mark* similarly suffers, as Alvah Bessie has pointed out, from the very limited involvement of ideas in the action. To stress the political in this era is not to impose a point of view; it is to call attention to reality. For this is not merely a contest of military strength, but of basic values as well; and in the definition of these values literature has a profound function. It is a mistake, therefore, for writers devoted to the war effort to make a mental divorce between their present work and their "normal," their "truer and better" writing. We need the best thinking we can get right now; it is never wise, and least of all at this moment, to postpone clarity and understanding.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Excitement in Science

CHEMICAL ELEMENTS, *by I. Nechaev. Translated by Beatrice Kinkead. Illustrated. Coward McCann. $2.50.*

"CHEMICAL ELEMENTS" is issued technically as a "juvenile." It might with equal justification have been issued as a mystery story, if a label were required. I would have preferred the mystery classification. From the books I have seen in the hands of twelve-year-olds, it might serve better to win a young audience. *Chemical Elements* is one of the very few narrative treatments of science in which the customary characterization of it as a mystery, because of its tracking down and bringing hidden things to light, is realized with all the excitement proper to the subject.

The book is extraordinarily absorbing, the sort that will make you miss stations if you read it on the subway. It is good for man, woman, and child, as I verified in my own small family circle. Nechaev can be put in the top ranks of scientific popularizers, where he has the company of at least one man from his own country and generation, M. Ilin, author of *New Russia's Primer.*

Nechaev opens with the isolation of oxygen, the first of the chemical elements to be hunted down; the credit for its discovery was shared by the scientists of three nations—the Swede Scheele, the Englishman Priestley, and the Frenchman Lavoisier. With this the author begins the narrative of the search which lasted nearly three centuries, and absorbed the activities of hundreds of ingenious and courageous explorers, and which ended only to open a new cycle of discovery as the isolation of the last elements brought science to the new universe of electronics.

As Nechaev tells it, it is a swift and spare story of devoted and brilliant and passionate men and women persisting in fatiguing and

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often dangerous quests, and making far-reaching deductions from the most unpromising clues. So skillfully is the story told that the book can be read with pleasure even by those who are well informed on the subject. Indeed, it will be the latter who will best be able to appreciate the author's remarkable feat of selection and organization.

Reading *Chemical Elements,* I could not help wondering why this book was so exciting; and why, in our time, only Soviet writers seem to be able to transmit such excitement. To the first question a literary examination yields an immediate answer. The book has what the standard analysts of literary effects call "conflict." It is the conflict between man and nature, man struggling to win mastery. In Nechaev's narrative all the drama of the conflict is realized and every discovery has the breathlessness and elation of a struggle brought to a triumphant conclusion. The intensity mounts till the culminating triumph at the point where a great stage in man's mastery over matter is completed. Few novelists have so effectively managed their climaxes.

As for the answer to the second question —that is daily becoming more apparent as our knowledge of Soviet life grows. Nechaev reflects the optimistic, warm, positive Soviet attitude toward science. That attitude comes from the new and close place science has in Soviet life, where it is being used to direct political and economic activity. Consequently there is no trace of mysticism, or of the defeatism over man's abuses of scientific findings, that has infected science in some other countries. For the Soviet people it is in and by means of science that they project an immediate era of human enterprise that is likely to surpass Europe's great epoch of Discovery in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. The reader can sense it in the confident words with which Nechaev closes his book: "But this is only the beginning. . . . There is no limit to man's mastery over nature—over matter and energy."

ISIDOR SCHNEIDER.

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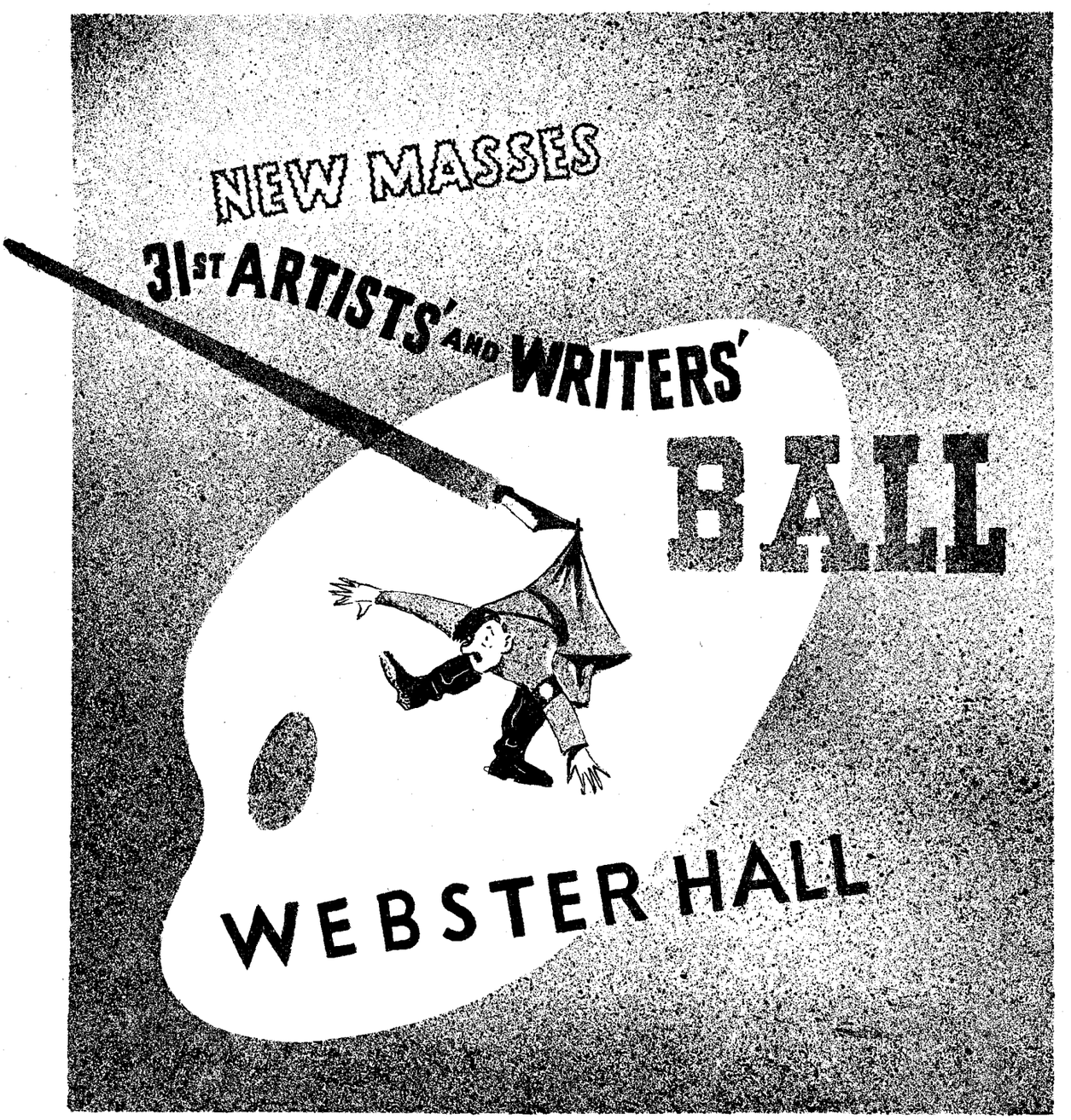

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CAMERAS AS WEAPONS

War films, from the government and from Hollywood. Joy Davidman takes a look at the new techniques, the accomplishments, and weaknesses of the screen in battle dress.

War is the mother of invention. In the last twelve months dozens of industries have had to find newer and less wasteful methods of manufacture, and the film industry is no exception. Genuine pioneering, in technique as well as in content, has been demanded of the screen. It has been necessary to conserve many of the vital materials of film-making; to reduce expenditure; to draft innumerable screen actors, writers, and technicians for more immediate work in the war effort; and at the same time to broaden the scope of the ordinary Hollywood film and introduce entirely new types of film-making. The result has been a certain obvious temporary demoralization, but also the beginning of a more adult movie industry.

That the camera is a weapon was realized before the war started. For education of civilian and soldier alike, neither print nor radio has quite the immediacy and power of the screen. How to work a searchlight, how to put out an incendiary bomb; we have read, heard, and seen a good deal on these subjects, yet it is chiefly what has been seen that lives in the memory. The need for documentary films was long ago realized by the administration, which, as in Britain, used two methods of producing them—directly by government agencies and by private companies in collaboration with the government.

Government production began inauspiciously with Congress' refusal to pay for the ingratiating Donald Duck short about the income tax, but it soon recovered from this bad start under the inspiration of war. Brief and dynamic educational pieces were rapidly turned out by the OWI; the War and Treasury Departments, as well as other branches of government, sponsored their own productions. The most important of these films fall into two groups—films designed to encourage enlistment and bond-buying, and films designed to build morale by telling the public what the army is doing.

In the early, experimental days of the war, the tendency was to borrow Hollywood personalities, especially those who had already joined the service, and allow them to make the appeal or give the information in person. For instance, Jimmy Stewart appeared in air force uniform to guide us through that branch of the service. This method had the merit of using what was readiest to hand, but the defect of unreality; accustomed to see these actors in what the screen calls "fictional" films, the public had difficulty in associating them with the realities of war. The performers, moreover, could not always forget that they were performers. They projected their personalities and their smiles, at times, more than their subjects. The early films had a certain brassiness which made them hard to tell from trailers. These weaknesses were almost immediately eliminated; the Hollywood performer was reduced to an impersonal voice giving commentary, while in the foreground ordinary American workers and soldiers carried out their tasks in the war effort. In a recent short about the air force, the hero was a young pilot—hero of an encounter with the Japanese—who appeared in person going through the stages of his training. The increased dignity and restraint of such war shorts may well carry over to Hollywood feature films in time.

Many government releases have been actual fighting shots, and more of these may be expected in the future. Perhaps the most significant of government film plans is Frank Capra's projected series on the meaning of the war. Mr. Capra, familiar as one of Hollywood's most progressive directors, has been bringing the common man to the screen for years. Now he will be able to do so first hand; to introduce us to the Chinese farmer with his gun hidden in the rice field, the Russian girl sniper lying motionless for hours in the mud, the British worker digging through the ruins of his house. Interpreted by a Capra, these people should add up to a complete picture of the people's war.

In the entertainment film, obviously, far less progress has been made. There has been no lack of good will in Hollywood's response to the war. Carole Lombard's death while on war tour, Charles Laughton's incredible hours upon hours of radio bond-selling, are only two among the innumerable instances of sacrifice and hard work which actors have put into the war effort. Glamour has come back to the people; gone are the days when actors took refuge from their fellow Americans upon the misty mountaintops of Beverly Hills.

Nevertheless, the weakness of entertainment films made while all this was going on has provoked much discussion. True, there are increasing exceptions, and this is a good place to celebrate them. The conception and execution of *Wake Island* showed us, for the first time, a Hollywood alive to the true meaning of this war. Here were genuine Americans, tough boys who knew their job, nice boys too who grew up in all our houses; here was real, overwhelming danger, death, and historic heroism. Admitting its sins, the

This scene from "Wake Island," one of the finest war films yet produced, shows the overwhelmingly outnumbered marines holding off the Japanese.

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film industry has recently promised a more adult approach to the war, and *Wake Island* proves it can make good. Minor films of comparable maturity are beginning to appear—sometimes a little clumsy, as minds geared to formula pictures struggle to adjust themselves, but at least serious and honest in intention. *The War Against Mrs. Hadley* is a case in point; excessively didactic in tone, one-sided in its portrait of American life, it nevertheless tackles a man-sized issue and does not too badly with it. Not so long ago *Joe Smith, American* did even better with the American factory worker.

And yet the studios continue to pour forth innumerable *Cairos, Roads to Morocco, White Cargoes, Panama Hatties, Springtimes in the Rockies,* etc.—to mention the cold turkeys of the past few weeks. Song-and-dance tosh has quadrupled in the last twelve months; slug-and-blunder spy stuff has at least doubled; while sex, in its movie form, is scarcely distinguishable from its burlesque-show form.

But the imbecility of some films, these days, is not entirely the fault of their producers. It is customary to belabor producers for their adherence to formula, their distrust of new ideas. The greatest single force against ideas in the movies, however, is not the producers; it is the Hays Office.

Like all reactionary censorships, the Hays Office operates under the cloak of sex prudery. Yet not once a year does an obscene passage get into trouble with it. The off-color gags, the undressed ladies, slip by peacefully while the Hays Office is ruling that any film hero who shoots a Nazi on the screen must be punished for his crime. The real purpose of the film censorship is to stifle thought; and, as a result, while the press and the radio and even our somewhat emasculated stage are receptive to adult discussion of human problems, the screen rarely is. More, wherever possible, the influence of the Hays Office is thrown on the side of reaction. I myself, in 1939, included a villainous Nazi baron in a detective-story script; I was informed that the Hays Office disliked offending Germany, and was advised to make him, if you please, a Czech.

The Hays Office was created by the studios themselves, in order to avoid a government censorship of the films at a time when certain pressure groups were clamoring for one; and a pretty Frankenstein's monster it has proved. Quietly it has extended its powers and narrowed the scope of the film, till it is no wonder that producers prefer to avoid costly and wearisome delay by hewing strictly to formula. If the films need a censorship at all, they might as well have one supplied by the government, which will keep them from military indiscretion but leave them their common sense. As things stand, films have to pass not only the Hays Office, but, in many cases, incapable state boards. The *Roads to Morocco* get by; *It Can't Happen Here* falls by the wayside. There is no report, however, that the Hays Office has had anything to say against *Tennessee Johnson* and *Birth of a Nation.* It is to be hoped that nobody will gum up the works on *Mission to Moscow,* the most promising new film now in production; and that *Girl from Leningrad* will emerge from its dusty shelf in somebody's files.

But, more than these, the emergence of genuine American war films is needed—films which will follow the precedent of *Wake Island* and give us the true face of the American people engaged in the vast collective effort of this war.

JOY DAVIDMAN.

Art and the War

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Wilder Allegory

Alvah Bessie reviews "The Skin of Our Teeth." . . . Other plays.

There can be little doubt that when Thornton Wilder conceived his new play, *The Skin of Our Teeth,* he thought of it as a contribution to the war effort. There can be less doubt that as a contribution to the war effort it rates only one cut above the burlesque comedy *Strip for Action.*

The one cut is justified by the conscious thought behind Mr. Wilder's play; for where *Strip for Action* farcically does a G-string to the army and the war, *The Skin of Our Teeth* assures us (amusingly) that humanity has survived many past crises, and will survive this one if we will all pull together.

The manner is the thing in *The Skin of Our Teeth.* Mr. Wilder is something of an experimenter. He likes to present plays without scenery, sets, or much costuming—as in *Our Town*—and he has done it again. *The Skin of Our Teeth* has some scenery, but it is constantly disappearing whenever Tallulah Bankhead, playing a housemaid (who represents Lilith or The Other Woman), attempts to dust it. This skeletonized house is inhabited by the Antrobus family, Papa, Mama, and the two kids (one adopted, who represents Cain, Evil, the lower nerve centers, or Fascism, depending on the particular period dealt with).

Time is blithely telescoped in the play, and we find the Antrobus family (Adam and Eve or Everyman and Everywoman) living in Excelsior, N. J., on the eve of the Ice Age. Mr. Antrobus has just invented the wheel and the multiplication table during a hard day at the office, and comes home to solve the pressing problem of the Ice Age. This he does by inviting into his suburban ark the local doctor, judge, professor, and the three Muse sisters, and putting out the family mammoth and dinosaur, which accordingly perish.

In Act Two the Antrobus family (and retainers) escape the Biblical Flood, when caught at the Atlantic City convention of the Ancient and Honorable Order of Mammals, by taking refuge in another ark anchored offshore; and Act Three finds them returning from "the war" (this one or any other). Many changes have occurred. Young Gladys Antrobus, who was pubescent at Atlantic City when her parents were celebrating their 5,000th wedding anniversary, has produced a baby; young Henry Antrobus, the bad boy who killed his brother, Abel, and liked to throw sticks and stones and torment Negroes, has grown up to be The Enemy (fascism, the evil in man, or the lower nerve centers).

It is at this point that Mr. Wilder's amusing allegory blows right up in his face. For when Papa Antrobus says to Henry, "You are the enemy. Wherever you are, as long as I live, I will find you and kill you," or words to that effect, I was rooting for Papa Antrobus to shoot the boy—but instead he threw his automatic out the window and said, "You and I both want the same things; and if the time ever came when you'd be willing not to hog everything for yourself, things would be different," or words to that effect. Whereupon fascism-the-evil-in-man-the-lower-nerve-centers breaks down and weeps and says nobody ever loved him and that's what's wrong with him, and he is, in some elliptical way or other that escapes me, welcomed back into the fold of humanity.

You can have no quarrel with the idea that man will always have to grapple with the problem of anti-social individuals (at least until we have an order of society that prevents their development), but I submit that this is slight contribution to the immediate problems of our war. For Mr. Wilder's failure to *particularize* the problem of evil in society is the major flaw in his play. If it is true that "evil" is not an abstract thing and never was, but is local, specific, and particular to the time, place, and circumstances in which it manifests itself, then it also follows that you cannot deal with such a problem in broad allegorical terms and hope to

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contribute to your audience's understanding of a *particular* evil you are fighting. And fascism (which Mr. Wilder obviously had in mind at the end of his play) *is* a particular evil; a very specific and local and temporal evil that it will take all the energies of an aroused humanity to demolish. Hence Mr. Wilder cannot utilize a single character like Henry Antrobus, and expect him to symbolize Cain, the thoughtless evil of some small boys, the evil of a maladjusted individual, the low impulses present in most people at some time or other, and fascism. Nothing but confusion will result. Also, while it may be heartening to be told not to worry, that we have always come out of previous crises by "the skin of our teeth," it doesn't set up war production, develop unity or understanding of the issues.

The Skin of Our Teeth is quite frequently entertaining. It is entertaining to have the radio, the wheel, dinosaurs, and singing messenger boys all jumbled up together with the extinction of the mammoth, the Flood, and an Atlantic City beauty pageant. Charlatanism, when it is clever, can be amusing. And Mr. Wilder occasionally points a sly finger at middle class morality and marriage, which is all to the good. But I am inclined strongly to lean to the point of view of a colleague who said (in print) that Mr. Wilder has cooked up this allegorical charade in order to conceal the fact that he really has no ideas about the war, society, or man in general.

THE war and its values are beginning to appear on our stage, but we would be something less than intelligent if we were satisfied with the way it is still being handled. But good intentions are not to be sneered at; and they are demonstrated by Miss Gladys Hurlbut, who wrote *Yankee Point*. Nevertheless, despite its intentions as well as the valid ideas that appear in it, *Yankee Point* is not a play. Rather it is a long short story that ambles along without too much conflict, excitement, or solidity, and with practically no distinction in the telling.

The scene is set in the Adams house on the eastern sea coast. There are presented the old servant, the Adams father and mother, their two daughters (one married), a local old codger, several neighbors. Father Adams, veteran of World War I, is returning to the uniform. One Adams daughter is engaged to a pilot in training; Mother is the local commander of the airplane spotters' service. The other daughter is embittered—embittered because her father had taught her to hate war, and because she cannot make the transition between what she has been taught and the fact of the new war which her father and family fully support.

The point of the play, of course, is involved in the changes that take place in all these people when they finally realize what we are up against; Mr. Adams asks for combat service; one daughter consents to marry her pilot; the other daughter comes to support the war; the old servant forgets her aches and pains in service to the common cause; mother takes her post during the air raid with courage and understanding.

This is a valid theme, and the plot line of the play is also valid—it involves the finding of a Nazi uniform on the beach; the discovery of a Nazi spy; a Nazi air raid on the Atlantic coast. But it is somewhat astonishing to observe how superficial Miss Hurlbut's treatment of this line becomes; how unexciting she has made these potentially exciting events and human dilemmas. The play is written and directed at so leisurely a pace and the dialogue is so poorly conceived that the events fail to move the audience to a participation anything like that of the Adams family. Nor is it helped by the stodgy performances of John Cromwell (who also directed), Edna Best as his wife, and K. T. Stevens as his married daughter. I liked Elizabeth Patterson's old servant and Dorothy Gilchrist's younger daughter; both had some vitality, which was in startling contrast to the rest.

IF YOU are interested in seeing on the stage what economists call an example of "conspicuous waste," *The Pirate* should appeal to you. This is an extravaganza, written by S. N. Behrman from "an idea in a play by Ludwig Fulda." There is no way of knowing what the idea was, but the waste was certainly conspicuous.

Wasted: Item—Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne, two of the most accomplished performers in America. Both have demonstrated, many times, that they have the material to become fine artists. Item—an expensive cast of over forty people. Item—gorgeous sets and magnificent costumes. Item—the time of S. N. Behrman, the Lunts, the producers, the cast, the costumer, the designer, the audience.

Mr. Lunt is a strolling player in a small West Indian village "early in the nineteenth century." He becomes enamored of Manuela, wife of the local businessman, Don Pedro Vargas. He wants her. She is enamored—not of her stuffy husband, but of a pirate she has been reading about. Plot complication—Mr. Lunt knows that her husband *is* that pirate, reformed. He blackmails him. Mr. Lunt *pretends* to be that pirate, to win the love of Manuela. Her husband promptly attempts to have him hanged. It all comes out all right.

During the course of this there is much singing, dancing, flim-flam. Mr. Lunt pretends to do conjuring tricks, walk a tight-rope, hypnotize Miss Fontanne. Scores of people run in and out and talk a strange language compounded of consciously contrived flamboyancy and the immediate slang of the hour. Lights, camera, action. There are intimations of bawdry that draw a giggle. And the curtain comes down.

I am pleading with Mr. Lunt and Miss Fontanne: please find a play—a *good* play. Must we be forever dependent on remembering your productions of so many years ago: *Outward Bound, The Guardsman, The Brothers Karamazov, Dulcy*? (No great plays, to be sure, but in them you both *acted,* in addition to performing.) ALVAH BESSIE.

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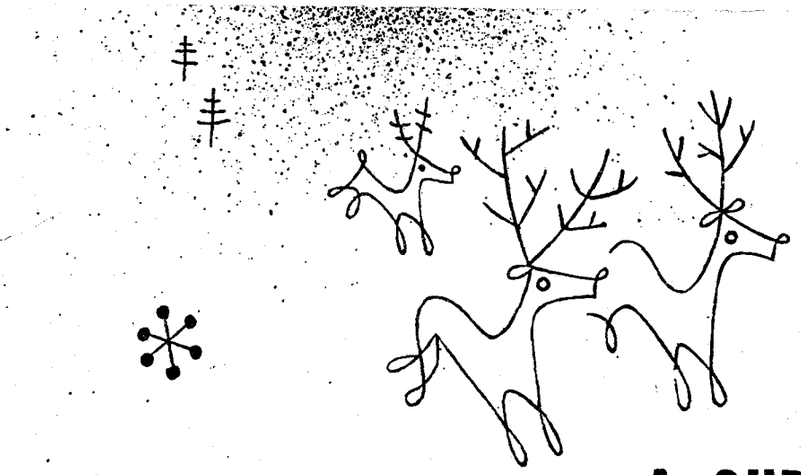

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